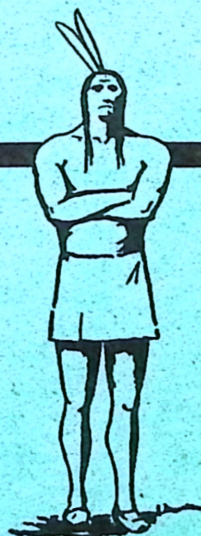


"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants."--Macaulay.

FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy
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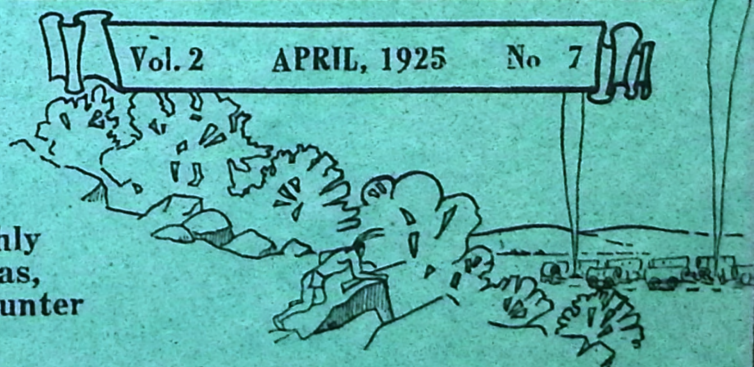
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Military Outpost in Coleman County

Henry C. Fuller in Dallas Semi-Weekly News, Jan. 30, 1925.

Near the Jim Ned Creek, in the north-eastern portion of Coleman County, there stands today a rock-built residence made of native stone, and one room of this home formed a part of Camp Colorado, erected in 1856 by the United States Army as an outpost for its cavalry troops in their combats with Indians on the Texas frontier. The Hon. Henry Sackett, now a Representative in the Texas Legislature from Brown and Coleman counties, has his home on the site of this old military camp, and the builders of this home many years ago utilized a small part of the Government building erected nearly sixty-nine years ago.

At the time this military post was established, August, 1856, the Federal authorities little dreamed that the officers they were training there would in a few years be leaders of a formidable opposition army that would fight for four long years for what it conceived to be the right, but history relates that some of the most intrepid and valuable officers of the Confederacy spent a few years at this camp just preceding the outbreak of the war between the states. The list of these men includes Maj. Earl Van Dorn, Capt. Theodore O'Hara, Gen. John B. Hood, Gen. James P. Major, Gen. E. Kirby Smith and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.

Maj. Earl Van Dorn, who was first in command of the fort, left Camp Colorado and went to Utah at the outbreak of the Mormon trouble in 1857. He later became one of the leading Generals of the Confederacy, but was killed, it was said, over a personal matter in May, 1863. Capt. Theodore O'Hara is famous as the author of the poem entitled "The

Major went from Camp Colorado with Bivouac of the Dead." Gen. James P. the force under Van Dorn and Capt. L. S. Ross on the expedition that resulted in the capture of Cynthia Ann Parker, and he is credited with saving the life of Ross after the latter had been stabbed by an Indian with a butcher knife and was about to be slain. Capt. Ross served with distinction throughout the Civil War and later was Governor of Texas for two years. The capture of Cynthia Ann Parker was one of the most thrilling episodes of the West in the early days of fighting the Indians. According to the best information available, final preparations for the expedition that resulted in the capture of the white woman and her restoration to her own people were made at Camp Colorado.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, nephew of Gen. Robert E. Lee, served with distinction during the Civil War. He afterward was Governor of Virginia, and later American Consul at Havana, Cuba, being there when the battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor. After the Spanish-American War Gen. Lee served as Governor General of Cuba.

Old United States Army records show that the following military organizations were stationed at Camp Colorado:

Troop A, Second Cavalry, August, 1856, to July, 1857.

Troop F, Second Cavalry, August, 1856 to February, 1857.

Company I, First Cavalry, July, 1858, to August, 1858.

Troop E, First Infantry, August, 1858, to March 1859.

Troop B, Second Cavalry, November, 1859, to February, 1861.

Frontier Times will soon begin the publication of "The Life of John Wesley Hardin" serially in these columns, Don't miss this story.

Henry Sisk's Indian Fight

By T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering, University of Texas.

Before reaching his majority, Henry Sisk was a peace officer in Parker county. He was brave to a degree, cool as an ice-berg, thin as a rail, and an unerring shot. He served not only Parker county, but the State of Texas. He was reliable and would have been a fit companion for Bill McDonald and Captain Sullivan.

In 1867, Henry Sisk was on one of his peace missions in the western part of Parker county, and he soon saw that he would be late in reaching Weatherford. The sun was about an hour high and Henry was some eight or ten miles northwest of Weatherford and was galloping his pony towards the historic town. A creek ran for several hundred yards almost parallel to the river before it took a sudden turn to the right to join the river. The creek and river thus formed a peninsula. There was a ford in the creek near its mouth that was well known to Henry Sisk. While galloping along this peninsula headed towards Weatherford, four Comanche Indians suddenly surrounded him and began firing arrows. Each was equipped with his bow and arrow and inevitable shield. Henry quickly drew his pistol and began firing but the shield protected each Indian. After firing several shots, Henry realized that a cap and ball six shooter would soon be empty and he would be helpless. He had already discovered that one of the four Indians was a chief. Suddenly pointing his six shooter at the chief's head, the chief struck up his shield to protect his head and with a lightning flash, Henry lowered his pistol and shot the chief in the stomach. He told me that the chief gave a squall that was louder than anything he had heard in Parker county. Henry had one load left in his six shooter. The chief was about to fall off his pony, when the three Indians stopped shooting at Henry and rushed to the aid of their chief. Henry did not wait for further investigation, but dashed away on his tired pony, crossed the creek and darted into the woods and escaped. He reached his home in Weatherford late at night, unharmed and untouched.

Henry's friends told it later that the Indians did not have a fair chance because Henry was so thin and narrow they could not hit him with the arrows and that if he had taken the time he could have clubbed the Indians to death with his empty pistol.

The writer was a boy in Parker county, about ten years of age, when the report of this fight spread all over West Texas, and Henry Sisk's fame was told at many a fireside all over Parker, Wise, and Johnson counties, and to the uttermost parts of West Texas. Later the writer saw Sisk as a young deputy sheriff in Parker County. He was the terror of evil doers and was the stern advocate of law and order. The name of Henry Sisk was a tower of strength on the side of law and order in Old Parker.

In the summer of 1903, the writer boarded the train at Victoria, Texas, enroute to El Campo. He went into the smoking car, sat down by an elderly gentleman and soon noticed that his seat companion was heavily armed. He further noticed in the seats in front several prisoners chained together. The writer struck up a conversation with his seat companion and he was soon asked whom he was supporting for governor. The writer replied, "I shall vote for Sam Lanham, because I used to live in Parker county and he hails from old Parker." The officer replied "When and where did you live in Parker?" The writer replied, "I was born there in 1858 in the Forks of the Bear Creeks." "What do you remember of Old Parker inquired the officer. The writer replied, "My most vivid recollection is the Indian fight of Henry Sisk." The officer returned "What did you remember about that?" The writer then related the fight as above described from beginning to end. It had been thirty-six years since the fight had occurred but it was still fresh on my memory. "Stranger", said he "The description you have given of the Indian fight of Henry Sisk is correct in every detail. I am Henry Sisk."

He is now living in California at the age of nearly four-score.

Finds a Ruby Arrowhead

(Morris Kidkoff in Austin American-Statesman.)

Real rubies of any size are not to be scoffed at, and a ruby of 15 karats is considered a very valuable possession. But W. E. Snavelly of Taylor can go all jewelers and jewel collectors one better for he has in his possession what has been declared by several jewelers to be a genuine ruby weighing over 15 karats and cut in the shape of an arrow head.

Snavelly's prized possession is a beautiful, red, perfectly shaped arrow head, cut by Indians many years ago. Besides this large ruby, Mr. Snavelly has found in his many years of searching several other arrow heads, some rubies, some sapphires and some of an unknown transparent substance. He has also found hundreds of other jewels in the rough and rare stones and rocks.

The ruby arrow heads, when tested with carborundum recently by Mr. Barrett of The Atco, Inc., manufacturing jewelry company of Austin, resisted the hard surface of the testing metal. In fact, the rubies easily wore away the carborundum.

Mr. Snavelly is Texas born and was reared in the Lone Star State. He was born in Columbus in 1867 and for a great part of his fifty-seven years he has made stone collecting his hobby, until now he has a beautiful collection of precious stones. All of his assortment were found in various parts of Texas.

"Many people around here think I am crazy for going around 'rock hunting' as they call it, but I find it very interesting. Of course I have never studied geology and know practically nothing about precious metals, but after many years of constant searching I am now able to tell whether a piece I find is of any value.

"I have had many rare pieces stolen from me in various ways. Once a visitor from Pennsylvania who was camping with me, offered to buy my collection of sapphire arrowheads. I refused to sell 'em. Well, he must have wanted them pretty bad, for when he left he took my jewels with him.

"Not long ago I lost another beautiful stone. A certain jeweler had been begging me to let him have a particular jewel out for me. It was then in the

rough, of course, and he wanted to send it off and have it cut on-the-halves. I let him have it and I haven't seen it since it was a very rare piece. It's color was a royal purple and it was very hard. I'm sure it was a very rare stone. for I have never seen nor heard of another like it."

The genial collector is now preparing to send his ruby arrow heads to Dr. Kuntz, jewel expert with the Tiffany company in New York City. Dr. Kuntz is perhaps the best known authority on jewels and precious metals in the country. It was he, by the way, who verified the genuineness of the diamonds found some years ago in Arkansas. After being assured by several jewelers in various parts of the country that his arrow heads are real rubies, Mr. Snavelly feels confident of getting a market for his findings.

Old Fashioned Box Suppers.

What has come of this, one of America's greatest institutions? The auctioneer always kept folks laughing, and occasionally a seat crashed, or some fellow fell out the window. There never were any dull moments at those old fashioned box suppers. The boxes were filled with fried chicken, and slabs of peach pie, and potato salad with sliced boiled eggs on top, and frosted cake and just about everything that was good. Every one of us knew his girl's box, and always paid a dime more than anybody else offered for it. If he happened to be with a new girl, he paid fifteen cents or a quarter more, just to impress her. Oh, we were spendthrifts, never fear!

Somebody put a pumpkin pie in Homer Cameron's chair, while he was standing up to bid. Homer was our Beau Brummel, and this was the joke of the evening. Up until the time Homer went away to work in a bank he was called Pumpkin.

Alas, "Them days is gone forever!"

Subscriptions to Frontier Times should be renewed promptly to avoid missing a single issue. In renewing your subscription or changing address be sure to give former address.

Spent Four Long Years in a Cave

Jap Brown, a man by the name of Star, a Mr. Hitchcock, the Pierces and one or two others whose names cannot be recalled, formed a little colony or neighborhood on the Blanco river in Blanco county. They were a simple folk, quiet, unobtrusive and, like all Texans of the olden time, were noted for their generous hospitality. They cultivated small farms, lived in cedar log cabins and devoted much of their time to making cedar shingles and cutting cedar posts which they hauled to Austin where these articles always found a ready market. Jap Brown, who will prove the leading character in this story, was a noted bee hunter and devoted much of his time to the pursuit of bees and the gathering of wild honey from bee caves which abounded in the cliffs and canyons of the Blanco streams, and while following this calling, he acquired a thorough knowledge of every mountain path, every nook, recess and cavern in all the region thereabouts, and, as the sequel will show, this knowledge proved of great service to him during the Civil War. About one mile from Brown's house there was a large cave, the small entrance to which opened out in the walls of the cliff, or rather a precipice some 50 to 60 feet above the floor of a canyon through which flowed the Blanco river. The entrance to this cavern could not be seen from the crest of the cliff and was scarcely observable from the bottom of the canyon or any other point of view.

When the war came on, Jap Brown and the parties named refused to go into the army as volunteers. They kept their own counsel, refused to discuss the question on secession with outsiders, and pursued the even tenor of their way until the conscript law went into force. One or two of these men were forced into the ranks, but Brown and one other decided that freedom even in cavernous depths of the Blanco mountains was preferable to the life of a conscript and in pursuance of that decision, they sought and found refuge in places of concealment almost within earshot of their homes. While many Unionists and Neutrals in that and other sections fled to Mexico, it was known to the author-

ities that Jap Brown was in hiding some where in the mountains near his home, and for more than three years, conscript officers and Home Guards, known in that day as "Heel Flies," made their monthly and often weekly "roundup" in that section, trying to find and arrest Jap Brown. They searched his house over and often they explored and beat up in the brush in every canyon, on every hillside and mountain top for miles around but they could never find even a trace of Brown, and yet they knew that the object of their search was somewhere in concealment. All this while Brown and his companion were in the afore-mentioned cave, and could look down unobserved upon the cavalcade of Heel-Flies as they rode through the canyon in quest of their quarry.

The families of these men had formulated a code of signals which each member understood perfectly, and at the slightest approach of danger, every member of the community was warned. Thus, when an officer, with a company of men, or a stranger came into the settlement, the signal was given. From this cavern perch, Brown had full view of a neighbor's house and yard, down in the little valley. When he glanced out and saw a white garment on the clothes line, he knew that it was the danger signal. But with all these precautions on several occasions their capture came near being effected. Old Grandma Pierce was chosen to carry provisions, occasionally, to Brown. The old man usually performed this service under cover of darkness but there came a period when the "Heel-Flies" seemed to relax their vigilance and this caused him to assume a boldness that came near being the undoing of Mr. Brown. His good old wife, Grandma Pierce, was of a very superstitious turn of mind and one day she had prepared a supply of rations including a pot of coffee, all to be carried to Brown's cave by the old man. It was about one o'clock when he placed the provisions in a basket preparatory to starting, and as he went to take up the coffee pot, the old lady begged him to leave it alone. "I see death in that coffee-pot and in that basket!" cried the old mother. "Don't

touch that coffee pot and don't take that basket, if you do we will be betrayed!" Probably the old matron had seen one of the many danger signals and was forewarned, as to that, no one knows, but her spouse heeded her warning and with the provisions—corn pone and jerked beef—concealed under his shirt, inside, he set forth from the house with a long walking-stick in one hand and a few ears of corn in the basket. He went in the direction of the cave, half bent with age and decrepitude, leaning on his staff and all the while calling hogs, which, in reality, was a signal that Brown understood. When he had covered about half the distance between the house and the cave he found himself suddenly surrounded by twenty-five Home Guards who demanded to know where he was going. "I am hunting my old bell sow; have you fellers seen an old spotted sow with a bell on?" was the ready response of the old pioneer. After some further questioning, the old man was permitted to proceed in quest of his "old belled sow," but he did not go further in the direction of the cave. Old Grandmother Pierce always afterward contended that if he had taken the coffee pot along his bell sow story would not have been accepted by the "Heel-Flies." They would have reasoned that hogs do not drink coffee.

Mrs. Brown was a thrifty woman, industrious and withal, a most resourceful lady. She cultivated the little farm, made good crops, her premises swarmed with poultry, she carded, spun and made clothing for herself and children, and all during the war she seemed prosperous. Her field was a little way off the road but in full view and passers by often saw her following the plow. Her table was always well supplied and she often fed the very men who were scouring the country in search of her husband and on these occasions, from his aerie in the cliff-side, he read the signal that told him of the presence and even the number of his persecutors.

But Mrs. Brown did not do all the plowing and planting on that little farm. A lady who knew the Browns, Pierces, and Hitchcocks intimately during those times and who now lives in San Antonio relates the following incident in connection with this story: "I passed a certain sheep ranch one day and saw Mrs. Jap

Brown, with other women, shearing sheep. An hour later I passed the Brown place and when I came in sight of the field I was surprised to see Mrs. Brown in the field plowing. Of course, it was not Mrs. Brown, since she was three or four miles away shearing sheep. It was Jap Brown clad in his wife's attire. He as often seen by near neighbors, plowing in the field dressed up in woman's apparel".

John C. Pierce was Brown's constant companion in hiding and the year before the war closed Pierce had the hardihood to venture forth from their cave and get married.

After the close of the war, the fact was revealed that these men were not idle while mewed up in that cave. Cotton and wool cards and a spinning wheel became a part of their cavern furniture, tallow candles cast in old time candle molds by the good wife at home afforded light for them and the vast amount of spun thread carried from the cave under cover of darkness was a prime factor in causing people to wonder how it was that Mrs. Brown made more cloth than any two women in the country. During the early days many boys were taught to card and spin.

Jap Brown remained on his little farm and prospered for several years after the war. At length he became involved in a feud and was killed while crossing the Colorado river at Austin.

Capt. Gillett's Book.

Capt. J. B. Gillett's thrilling book "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," and Frontier Times one year, together, for \$3.00. Only a limited number at this low price. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Heel Fly Time in Texas

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

NO MUSIC METHOD compares with my Ten Self-Explanatory Piano Lessons. Result of 25 years' teaching. Fifteen dollars for course. Sent C. O. D. —Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, Texas.

Henry Bruemmer's Experience

Sent in by Paul Morgan, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Twin Sisters is the name of a little hamlet in Blanco County, and it is the home of Henry Bruemmer, a pioneer of that section, who has passed through some harrowing and thrilling experiences during the early days. Twin Sisters derives its name from two majestic peaks which rise above the hills of that region, and besides a postoffice there are two stores, a blacksmith shop, two filling stations, two churches, and a number of dwellings in the village. The two mountain peaks mentioned are of the same height and so greatly resemble each other that the early settlers named them the Twin Sisters." From their summit, years ago, signal fires gleamed to guide the savage red men on their raids and they were used as a lookout point by the minute men and rangers on trail of marauding bands of Indians, for from them could be obtained a view for many miles around.

Henry Bruemmer relates some of his experiences as follows:

"The Indians made us much trouble in 1868. On July 2nd, of that year, we were threshing wheat, when a young man came along and told us that he had observed from a high mountain at Denegan's Bend a party of ten or twelve Indians crossing the Guadalupe river and coming our way. The people were very busy and did not pay much attention to this young man's warning, thinking possibly he could have been mistaken. On July 6th, Anton Kneuper, a pioneer of that section, rode out to look for some cattle, and found the dead bodies of a man, a woman, and a two-year old child, who had been killed by Indians. I think this family was named Sheppard. They had a thirteen year-old son who was taken captive by the Indians at the time of this massacre. The woman had an arrow in her breast and had been stripped of most of her clothing. The man had a bullet hole under his right arm and an arrow between his shoulders, and had been stripped of his clothing. They had been scalped and when found presented a gruesome sight. As decomposition had set in the bodies could not be moved, and were buried where they were found.

"That same night the Indians stole fifty or sixty head of horses from William Jones.

"In 1870 the Indians came back again. We were just ready to start threshing when a runner came to inform us that the Indians were near August Jonas' place, and were killing his cattle.

"Within forty minutes time fourteen men were assembled and we hurried to the Jonas place, where we found only one steer had been shot with an arrow. We took the trail of the Indians, Mr. Peel, who had ten or twelve hounds, taking the lead. When we reached the field of August Wuest we found another steer which had been killed by the Indians. Mr. Peel tried to put his dogs on the track, but they did not want to follow it, so we rode to Crabapple Mountain, which we ascended to get a view of the surrounding country. We saw a man with a canteen in his hand, and about the same time we saw several others coming from the other side of the mountain with a grey horse. They hal'owed and the man began running toward them, and when they came together he jumped upon the gray horse and they rode off. We then discovered they were Indians, and we started after them at top speed. When we came on top of a mountain we found a big fire where the Indians had been roasting meat. The cooked meat had been placed on bushes, but the Indians were gone. Mr. Peel put his hounds on the track and we followed those dogs all the way up from Crabapple bottom, but they went too slow to overtake the Indians. When we left the bottom the dogs traveled to the left, and as we were going forward I heard a shout to the right. About a half mile further on there was a deep canyon with high cherry trees. The dogs got into this canyon and barked as if they had all of those Indians treed. Mr. Peel took his double-barreled rifle and went into the canyon, and soon called to us that he had found their horses, but the Indians were all gone. In the July heat the dogs had played out and would not follow the tracks any further. The redskins got away from us.

"On July 3, 1871, the Indians made their last raid in the Twin Sisters neighborhood, when they killed Chris Krukemeier, who was out hunting for a cow. His folks heard the report of a gun, and when his horse came home with a bloody saddle the alarm was given and the neighbors began a search but did not find his body until next day, when it was found by Gottleib Koch and Peter Kneuper near the Kendalia road.

"On the morning before this happened Mr. Engle started to New Braunfels to make his quarterly report as postmaster. He was accompanied by two little boys, August Engle and Willie Schuetz. When they had passed Fritz Fischer's place they discovered ten or twelve Indians coming toward them. At first Mr. Engle did not think they were Indians and took time to adjust his spectacles to get a better view, when they began shooting, and Mr. Engle and the boys turned to flee. In the race Mr. Engle lost his saddle bags, which the Indians stopped to pick up, and no doubt enabled him to escape and reach the Fischer home, and the Indians did not follow them.

"I know of only two instances in this section when mobs took the law into their own hands and executed criminals. The first was of a man named Blasingame, for the murder of Captain Callahan. It is said that Captain Callahan went to Blasingame's home to investigate certain talk that had been made about his female relatives, and ordered Blasingame to leave the country. When Callahan and Mr. Hines rode up to the Blasingame residence a volley was fired from the house and Captain Callahan was instantly killed. Blasingame was placed under arrest and guarded at the residence of Mr. Link, the justice of the peace at Twin Sisters, when a mob of fifty or sixty men came from Lockhart and lynched Blasingame. This took place between 1857 and 1860 I think.

"The next mobbing was that of a man named Lackey, which occurred in 1886 or 1887. Lackey was accused of being too intimate with his step-daughter, and his kinfolks resented the violation, and he killed four or five of his neighbors. He was arrested and put in jail, when a mob gathered and hung him to a live oak tree."

First Post Route in America.

On New Year's Day of the year 1672, a lone horseman started out on a perilous journey from New York to Boston, to open up the first postal delivery route in the American Colonies. A proclamation had gone forth that letters would "bee conveyed to Hartford, Connecticut, Boston and other parts along the road and be carefully delivered according to the Directions by a sworn Messenger and Post, who is purposely employed in that Affayre."

The path which this first postman traveled was beset with dangers. First there was the trackless and uncharted wilderness which had to be traveled. Raging storms and savage beasts might be encountered and worst of all, death-bearing arrows from the hand of the Indian. But the pioneer spirit shrinks at nothing and some unnamed hero was found to undertake this perilous ride.

The postman started out on the first Monday in each month from New York and returned within the month. His mail bag, he gathered up at the Coffee House on the Battery, for the keeper of the tavern was none other than the postmaster. Letters were left with the innkeeper, who, after collecting a small fee, affixed certain "Post payed figures" and designs, and assorted the letters according to their destination. The incoming letters were kept in a rack until they were called for, in person, by those who were expecting mail.

The mail bags which were designed for such cities as Boston and Hartford, were carefully sealed by the secretary's office, but the bag that contained mail to be delivered along the road was left unsealed.

In those days without the aid of newspapers, news traveled so slowly that the postman was regarded as the best informed person within reach. He came direct from the large centers and brought the latest news.

In those days there was no such thing as postage stamps and even in 1692 when the postoffice was moved from the Coffee House to Richard Nicoll's grocery store at 62 Broad Street, the "Post Payed Figures and Designs" were still employed. It was not until 1847 that Congress authorized the first issue of stamps.

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

The next morning we again took our course across the prairie, but owing to the rank growth of grass with which in many parts it was covered, and our increasing weakness, our progress was slow and painful. On the way, Holiday found about a dozen wild onions, which he divided with Brown and myself; but the quantity for each was so small that it seemed only to aggravate the pangs of hunger. During the day we saw in the distance several parties of Mexicans or Indians, we could not tell which, as they only came near enough for us to see that they were men on horseback.

That night we again encamped in a strip of woods bordering a small creek, but we slept very little on account of our sufferings from hunger, which had now become excruciating. The next morning Brown was so weak he could scarcely walk two hundred yards with out stopping to rest, nevertheless we went on as fast as we could travel. A part of the way was over high rolling prairie, on which on water could be found, and the pangs of thirst were added to those of hunger, until alleviated by the juice of some "Turks heads" which we found growing on the top of a pebbly knoll. These plants are, I believe, a species of the cactus, about the size of a large turnip, grow on top of the ground, and are protected on the outside by a number of tough, horny prickles. The inside is filled with a spongy substance, which when pressed yields a quantity of tasteless juice that answers as a tolerable substitute for water.

The evening of the fifth day after leaving Goliad, we descried a long line of timber ahead of us, and just before sunset we came to a large stream, which from my knowledge of the geography of the country I was sure must be the Guadalupe. At the point where we struck it, the prairie extended up to the bank, which was high and very steep. A few hundred yards above us we saw a cow and her calf grazing near the edge of the bluff, and approaching them cautiously we attempted to drive them

over it, hoping that one or the other would be disabled or killed by the fall, but after several ineffectual efforts to force them to take the leap, they finally broke through our line and made their way to the prairie, taking with them some steaks we stood very much in need of.

Completely exhausted by our exertions and suffering extremely from hunger, we looked around for a suitable place to camp as it was now nearly night, and coming to a pit or sink twelve or fourteen feet deep which would protect us from the cold wind blowing at the time, we built a fire at the bottom, laid down upon the leaves, and in a little while we all went to sleep. How long I had slept I do not know, but I was at length aroused from my slumbers by a rattling of sticks and dry leaves above me, and looking up I discovered a wild sow with her litter of pigs coming down the almost perpendicular bank of the sink. I silently grasped a billet of wood lying near me, and waited their approach. The old sow came on, totally unsuspecting that three ravenous chaps were occupying her bed at the bottom (for by this time our fire had burnt out) and when she and her pigs were in striking distance I suddenly sprang up and began a vigorous assault upon the pigs. The noise aroused Brown and Holiday, and comprehending at once the state of affairs they sprang to my assistance, and before the sow and her pigs could make their escape up the steep sides of the pit we had "bagged" five of the latter. We made a desperate attack on the old sow also, but weak as we were from starvation, and with our inefficient weapons, she routed us completely, leaving us however in possession of the field and the "spoils of war." We immediately started our fire again, and with no other preparation than a slight roasting on the coals, enough to singe off their hair, we very expeditiously disposed of the five pigs we had killed—nearly a pig and a half for each one, but there were small suckling pigs, and that we had not had a mouthful to eat for five

days except a handful of wild onions. Greatly refreshed by our supper of scorched pig, we laid down again upon the leaves at the bottom of the sink, and slept soundly until the sun was an hour or so high.

As soon as we awoke, we left the sink and went out to make a reconnoissance of the river, to see what the chances were for crossing it. Though not very wide at that point, we soon perceived we had a difficult job to undertake, for the river was much swollen by recent rains, and its turbid waters were rushing along at a rapid rate. Holliday and I were both good swimmers, and I felt sure we could reach the opposite bank safely; but I had my doubts about Brown. He was a poor swimmer, and consequently was timid in water. However, there was no alternative but to make the attempt, and we therefore stripped off our clothes, tied them in a bundle on our heads to keep them as dry as possible, and plunge in the turbid flood. Holliday and I soon reached the opposite bank, and hardly had we done so when I heard Brown cry out for help, and looking back I saw that he was some distance from the shore, and evidently just on the eve of going under. At the very point where I landed there happened to be a slab of dry timber lying near the swimming with it to the place where Brown was struggling to keep his head above the surface, I pushed the end of the slab to him, which he grasped and to which he held on with the usual tenacity of a drowning man, and with the assistance of Holliday I at last got him to the shore and dragged him out of the water. It was very fortunate for Brown that Holliday and I, between us, had taken his clothes, as otherwise no doubt he would have lost them all.

Continuing our course, we passed through a heavily timbered bottom more than a mile wide, and then came to a large prairie in which we saw many herds of deer and some antelopes. The antelope is a beautiful animal about the size of a deer, but much more fleet. They do not run as deer do, by springs or bounds, but evenly, like the horse. Their horns consist of two curved shafts, with a single prong to each. A man on a good saddle horse can easily overtake a fat deer on the prairie, but it would

require a thorough bred racer with a light rider to come up with an antelope.

We also saw to-day a party of Indians on horses, but we eluded them by concealing ourselves in some tall grass that grew in the bottom of a ravine. About dusk we came to the timber on the farther side of the prairie, in which we encamped under the spreading branches of a live oak tree.

Next morning we continued our route, and after passing through some open post oak woods, we came to a small stream not more than knee deep, and of course easily forded. Crossing this stream we went through more post oak woods and then entered another large prairie, and it was late in the evening owing to the difficulty of making our way through tall and tangled grass, before we reached the timber on the opposite side, where we encamped in a little open place surrounded by a dense growth of underwood. Here we made a fire, and slept soundly till morning.

As soon as daylight appeared we were off again, and passing through a skirt of woods we came to another small stream, which was also fordable. Crossing it, we entered a large prairie, on the opposite side of which a long line of timber was dimly visible in the distance. All day long, stopping occasionally to rest, we toiled through the matted grass with which the prairie was covered, and just at sunset we came to the woods we had seen, where we encamped by a pool of water. Whilst collecting a supply of fuel for the night, I came upon a heap of brush and leaves, and scraping off the top to see what was beneath, I discovered about half the carcass of a deer which apparently had been recently killed and partly eaten by a panther or Mexican lion, and the remainder "cached" in this heap for future use. Of course, under the circumstances, I had no scruples about appropriating the venison, and calling Brown and Holliday to my assistance, we carried it to camp, where, after cutting off the raged and torn portions of the meat, we soon had balance spitted before a blazing fire. After making a hearty supper on our stolen venison, we raked a quantity of dry leaves close to the fire and "turned into bed."

During the night, at various times we heard the roaring of a Mexican lion

(very probably the lawful owner of the larder that had supplied us with supper), and for fear he might be disposed to make a meal of one of us in place of the venison, we took good care not to let our fire burn down too low. There is no animal, I believe, on the American continent, with the exception of the grizzly bear, that has ever been known to attack a man sleeping near a fire. The Mexican lion is, I think, described in books of natural history under the name of puma or South American lion. They are of a tawny or dun color, about the size of the East Indian tiger, have a large round head and a short mane upon the neck. Their nails are very long, sharp and crooked—coming to an edge on the inner side—as keen as that of a knife. Their roar is very similar to that of the African lion. They are fierce and strong, but cowardly; although when pressed by hunger, they have been known to attack men in open daylight. One instance of this comes within my own knowledge. Several teamsters, with their wagons, were traveling the road from San Antonio to Victoria, and a teamster needing a staff for his ox whip, went to a thicket eighty or a hundred yards from the road to cut one; whilst occupied in cutting down a small sapling with his pocket knife, a Mexican lion stealthily crawled up behind him and sprang upon him before he was aware of its presence. The man's cries for help was heard by one of the teamsters, who hurried to his assistance. The only thing he had in the shape of a weapon was his ox whip, but with that he boldly attacked the lion, which frightened by his approach and the loud popping of the whip, let go its prey and made a rapid retreat, but the poor fellow he had caught was dreadfully bitten and torn, and it was a long time before his wounds were healed. The Mexican lion is now rarely seen in Texas except among the dense chapparals between the Nueces and Rio Grande rivers.

As soon as it was fairly light we again started, and passing through a heavily timbered bottom, came to the Lavaca or Cow river, a small stream about thirty yards wide where we struck it. In going through the bottom we noticed several piles of rails and some clapboards, the first indications we had seen of settlements since we left Goliad.

We also saw a drove of hogs in the bottom, which confirmed us in the opinion that there had been an American settlement somewhere in the vicinity. These hogs were of the genuine "razor-back" species, and as wild and fleet as deer; consequently, although our hunger was almost as perishing as ever, we did not care to exhaust our strength in what we knew would be a hopeless attempt to capture one of them.

We swam the river without difficulty, and stopped an hour or so on the bank to rest ourselves and dry our clothes. We then went on, but as the bottom on that side was very wide, and the day being cloudy, we lost our way and it was nearly sunset when we reached the open prairie. A few hundred yards below where we came out of the timber we observed ten or a dozen horses "staked," and, on approaching them, we heard people talking in the woods near by. I advised an immediate retreat from the locality, but for some reason Holliday came to the conclusion that the horses belonged to a company of Texan scouts, and proposed that we conceal ourselves in a clump of bushes from whence we could see any one who might come to look after them and thus satisfy ourselves without running any risk as to whether the owners were Americans or Mexicans. Holliday's counsel prevailed, and Brown and I hid ourselves in a small bunch of bushes and Holliday in another. A dog which was at the camp, all this time kept up an incessant barking, and probably it aroused the suspicions of the owners that some one was trying to steal their horses; at any rate, in a few moments after we had hidden ourselves, a strapping "ranchero" came out of the timber and when he had looked to see if the horses had been disturbed in any way, he came as straight as he could walk to the bunch of bushes in which Brown and myself had taken our position and was just on the eve of entering it when he saw us. He instantly sprang back exclaiming, "Hey! Americanos! What are you doing here? Do you want to steal our horses?" He then made signs for us to follow him, which we did knowing that resistance, weak as we were and without arms, would be useless, and that one shot from the ranchero would bring those in camp to his assistance.

Holliday as I have said was concealed in a separate clump of bushes, and keeping quiet, the ranchero did not discover him. Brown and I got up and followed him as far as his camp. I saw that his course would take him very close at one point to the timbered bottom, and as we went along Brown and I agreed upon a plan to escape from our captor, which was to follow him quietly until near the timber, and then suddenly "break ranks" and get under cover as speedily as possible. Then we were to take different directions and meet at the same place the next morning. The ranchero, although he could plainly see that Brown and I were unarmed, kept some paces ahead of us all the time, every now and then looking back to see if we were following. Before Brown and I separated I told him I would meet him at the Mexican camp the next morning, as it was probable that they would leave it before we could return there.

In pursuance of our plan, as soon as we came very close to the edge of the timber, we suddenly left our ranchero without even saying "adios", and in a moment we were hidden from his sight by the dense undergrowth. When we thus so unceremoniously left our new acquaintance we were so near the camp that we could plainly hear the the rancheros conversing with each other, and the moment we made a "break" our escort shouted to his companions to hasten to his assistance. "Here are Americans, come quick and bring your guns," but just at this juncture Brown and I had some little matters of our own that required immediate dispatch, and we did not wait for the Mexicans "to come and bring their guns with them." Brown went one way and I another as soon as we entered the timber, and I never saw him again until several weeks afterwards when he came to the army on the Brazos.

The sun had just set when we entered the timber, and night soon set in dark and cloudy. After going perhaps a mile, I concluded that it would be impossible for the Mexicans to find me and I pitched my camp, which was speedily done by pitching myself on the ground at the foot of a tree on which there was a thick growth of Spanish moss, that served to protect me in a measure from

a drizzling rain that commenced falling. I did not dare start a fire for fear the light from it might bring the Mexicans to the locality, should they be in pursuit.

I had never felt so despondent since making my escape from Goliad as I did that night. My separation from my companions, my uncertainty as to their fate, the thought of my helpless situation, without arms of any kind to protect myself against the attacks of wild beasts, and still more merciless Mexicans and Indians, together with the mournful howling of wolves in the distance, all conspired to fill my mind with gloomy forebodings and anticipations. However, I soon fell asleep and slept soundly until morning.

(Continued next month)

Lost Bullion in Lavaca County.

We received the following letter from Capt. A. E. Nolen of Big Springs, Texas:

"Dear Editor:—I read every issue of Frontier Times and like it fine. I was living in Lavaca county in 1870, and while I was there my brother hired a man named Bundick to work on his farm. One rainy day Bundick went down on the Lavaca river to kill some turkeys, and as he was crawling into a thicket his knee came in contact with some hard substance which caused him great pain. He looked down to see what it was and discovered something that looked like small bricks. He picked up one and put it in his shot pouch, carried it home and showed it to my brother. They went back to find the bricks but Bundick could never find the place again. My brother had the brick analyzed and it was pure silver bullion. This pile of bullion has been found twice since by two different boys, but each was unable to locate the exact spot. I have searched dilligently for it, and am sure I have been within one hundred steps of the place a number of times, but without success.

"I knew all of those people mentioned in the story, 'Heel Fly Time in Texas,' which you published some time ago. I will some time give you a sketch of John Wesley Hardin. He stayed in Lavaca and Dewitt counties a long time. And I can tell you a lot about Jim and Bill Taylor also. I am now 67 years old."

The Adolphus Sterne Diary

Houston Chronicle, February 15, 1925.

Adolphus Sterne's Diary of five volumes, covering a period from 1838 to 1851. 1925, by his son, C. A. Sterne of Palestine, 94 years old, the oldest living native Texan, was presented to the State of Texas at a joint session of the legislature in Austin, for the State Library. A. G. Greenwood of Palestine made the presentation.

The first volume covers 1838-40; second volume 1840-1; third volume 1841-3; fourth volume 1843-4; fifth volume February to November, 1851.

Adolphus Sterne, who came to Nacogdoches in 1826 raised a volunteer company in New Orleans to help the Texans in their war for independence. He bore their transportation expenses to Texas. They were uniformed by the citizens of New Orleans and were called the "New Orleans Grays."

He was elected representative to the first legislature of Texas.

He commanded a company, captain, in the battle of the Neches, July 15, 1839, the last battle fought in that part of the republic, in which the Cherokee Indians were driven from their territory in East Texas, and their chief, Bowles, was killed. Troops commanded by General K. E. Douglas.

He served in Nacogdoches as notary public, as judge, deputy clerk of the board of land commissioners, deputy clerk of county court, justice of the peace and postmaster for many years.

He was state senator from the Eleventh district in 1851.

He died in 1852.

Statement of C. A. Sterne,
Taken Down by Kate Hunter,
October 7, 1923.

Adolphus Sterne, my father, was born in the city of Cologne on the Rhine in the year (April 15) 1801. He came to America when he was 16 years old, and landed in New Orleans.

Here he got a position to clerk in a store and while clerking read law, but he never followed the calling of law. Here he got an appointment from the Mexican government to sell goods to the

soldiers, and moved to Nacogdoches in 1824.

My father was a sympathiser in the Fredonian rebellion, and he furnished them ammunition which he secured in the city of New Orleans, and secreted it in barrels of coffee, and when it arrived at Nacogdoches it was discovered. The Mexican government anticipating that ammunition was being smuggled in, had sent detectives to New Orleans. These detectives located my father as the culprit, and he was charged with treason, arrested, court martialed and was sentenced to be shot. Awaiting the approval of the governor of Coahuila and Texas, he was chained and confined in the lower west room of the Old Stone House. The iron staple to which the chain was securely fastened, remained there until the removal of the Old Stone House. It required some 30 days to communicate with the government at Monckova, Mexico, and during the interval the Masonic fraternity of New Orleans, where he was made a Mason, took up the matter with the grand master of the grand lodge of the state of Louisiana and in co-operation with a number of United States senators and members of congress, who were Masons, his pardon was secured, on condition that he renew his oath of allegiance to the Mexican government, which he did.

Now when the battle of Nacogdoches came on, a company of Redlanders from San Augustine halted in front of his home to get water in their Spanish gourds. My father assisted in drawing the water and then gave them directions how to pass through the woods up the Lanana Creek east of Nacogdoches and north of the Spanish graveyard, thence west to the Bonita Creek west of the town and approach the public square in the rear of the Mexican army.

The Spanish barricaded the streets anticipating the attack from the east; demoralized by this surprise, they were easily routed. After the battle the Spanish fled to the Durst crossing on the Angelina River, where many were drowned and killed by the pursuing Fredonians.

My father, Adolphus Sterne, assisted in burying the dead after the battle. This was in August, the weather was hot and it was difficult to find men to dig graves. My father knowing a number of the Spanish officers who were killed, whom he knew to be Masons, took charge of their bodies and buried them in graves in the Spanish Cemetery, near the noted mound where the present high school building now stands. The military detail assisting in the burial work, threw the bodies of the dead in some open wells and covered them over. One of these wells was in the yard of the cuartel, or Mexican general headquarters, known as the Red House, afterwards the home of General Rusk, later purchased and used as the University of Nacogdoches. As late as 1845 when I attended there, there was a two-foot depression over this old well. These bodies which were thrown in the wells, were taken from the upper story of the cuartel, where they were firing at men in the street from the dormer windows, and so great was the carnage that the blood stains stayed on the floor for many years. I've seen the stains many times.

My father served in the first legislature of the state of Texas, together with Hon. John H. Reagan, from the Eleventh Senatorial District (Nacogdoches). The representatives from Eastern Texas went in a body on horseback, not so much from fear of being attacked by Indians at that late date, but for fear of the Indians stealing their horses at night when they camped out. The place of greatest danger was a point where they crossed a creek about 25 miles this side of Austin. It was the custom of the Indians on moonlight nights to secret themselves so as to watch the travelers on the King's Highway or San Antonio Road, and to follow them to where they camped. They, the Indians, were not afraid of the number in the party but were afraid of the number of guns. Each man carried a gun and the Mexicans in charge of the pack mules and camp outfit were required to carry long black sticks on their shoulders, representing guns to deceive the Indians.

One night when camped the horses were all staked out in a circle around them, and guards placed outside the

circle to watch for the approach of Indians, who invariably approached, crawling in the grass, occasionally raising their heads above the grass to locate the particular horse they wanted to steal. Now the guards all understood the camouflage. One night, after the guards were stationed, and the remainder of the party were engaged in an innocent game of poker on a blanket spread on the ground, one of the guards supposed that he saw an Indian approaching. As he raised up his head above the grass the guard fired both barrels of the shotgun, which caused consternation in the camp, and temporarily broke up the game. Every man to his gun, they rushed to the place where the gun was fired thinking to find a dead Indian, but to their surprise found a large grey wolf, which was attracted by the smell of some venison hanging in a mesquite tree nearby.

In staking out his horses each man carried in his camping outfit a rod of iron about 12 inches long, with a hole in one end, and sharpened to a point at the other, which was driven in the ground, and the horse tied to it, with a range of 15 feet for each horse.

My father's house stood in Nacogdoches on the Lanana Creek, near where the Bonita and Lanana meet. It was at the east end of the edge of town. My father took great pride and interest in his gardens and orchard. There were three gardens on the place. The one on the north was devoted to flowers, with a great variety of roses and rare shrubs and plants, which he had brought from Louisiana, and which had been imported from France.

In the center of the garden was a summer house, which was covered with morning glories and multiflora roses. The fence was covered with woodbine and yellow jessamine. The south garden had vegetables of every variety. The west garden was the orchard with a variety of fruit trees, and a butterbean arbor running the entire width of the garden. My father often resorted to this butterbean arbor to read and study. The home stood thus from 1832 up to the present day, without much change.

My mother, Eva Catherine Rosine Ruff, was born in Eslinger, Germany, July 23, 1810, and was brought to the United States by her parents, John Everhardt Ruff (and don't remember

her name), his wife when she was six years old. They landed in New Orleans, and on their way up Red River to Camp-ty, the yellow fever broke out on the steamer, and both parents died. She was taken to Nacogdoches, La., and there adopted by a wealthy French family by the name of Placide Bosier (and wife.) They were Catholics and she was reared in the Catholic Church.

My father, Adolphus Sterne, was merchandising in Nacogdoches, and had to go to Nachitoches to take a steamer for New Orleans, where he bought goods; here he met my mother. They were married in Nachitoches, June 2, 1828, and he brought her as a bride Nacogdoches, and she lived there until 1860, and died in Houston.

My mother was of medium height, black curly hair, blue eyes, and was considered a very handsome and attractive woman. She was rather retiring in her disposition and made many friends. During her long residence in Nacogdoches which was then the gateway to the United States, she probably entertained more distinguished guests in her home than any woman in Texas. Governor Sam Houston, J. Pickney Henderson, David S. Kaufman, Kenneth L. Anderson, Thomas J. Rusk, David Crockett, and many other distinguished Texans as well as Mexican officers were frequent visitors to our house, coming and going from Texas to the United States, and those visiting Nacogdoches, in the state.

The old King's Highway led from San Antonio through Nacogdoches and it was the only safe way to cross the river, for the highway passed over the Colorado, the Brazos, the Trinity the Nueces, Angelina. The first old Mexican King's Highway stopped at Nacogdoches, but was later extended through San Augustine to the Sabine. There were ferries across the rivers where the highway crossed, and this way was the beaten track from San Antonio.

As a general thing, my mother's home, the 21st of April, San Jacinto Day, was celebrated in great style and became almost an annual social event. My mother joined my father in his great love for this adopted state, and she was a loyal Texan. She was one of the most graceful dancers I ever saw, and her home was a social center. Mrs.

Sam Houston was her guest on several occasions, when passing through Nacogdoches on her way with Sam Houston to visit his home in Tennessee.

My mother was a successful amateur florist, and she had collected many rare and beautiful specimens of plants. She spent a great deal of her time with her flowers. Our home was right in the forks of two creeks, which made a juncture south of the house, Lanana and Bonita. Our home was on the east side of Nacogdoches, at the edge of town (about two blocks from the square), and had about 30 acres in all. We had an upper garden, in which we grew flowers, and a lower garden where we grew both vegetables and flowers. My father took as much interest in the flowers as my mother, and brought many fine specimens of shrubs and trees from Louisiana for her, where they had been imported from France.

My mother was Sam Houston's godmother. He could not take part as a citizen of Texas in the affairs of state without embracing the Catholic religion. Sam Houston was baptized in our parlor, with my mother as his godmother in 1836, I don't remember the month. It was just before the declaration of independence of Texas. He was not eligible to be a delegate to the convention at Washington on the Brazos, until he embraced the state religion. He gave my mother a diamond ring as a christening present.

I think John S. Roberst, a citizen of Nacogdoches, was his godfather.

My father died in 1852 and my mother lived on at Nacogdoches until 1860, when she went to Austin to live with her daughter, Mrs. W. E. Cave, whose husband was then secretary of state under Sam Houston. She died in Houston——, and is buried in Nacogdoches.

My father Adolphus Sterne's father was a Jew, but my father's mother who was his second wife, was a Christian, and a member of the Lutheran Church. My father became a Catholic when he married my mother, and always professed the Christian religion. He was a Knight Templar, a thirty-third degree Scottish Rite Mason, and one of the strongest things in his life was his Masonic affiliation.

(Signed)

C. A. STERNE

Old Newspaper Published in 1839

The newspaper field in Texas in 1839 is effectively portrayed in a copy of the "National Intelligencer," published in Houston, August 22, 1839, and now in the hands of Andrew Kaulbach of Beaumont. The old number is well preserved and was found in the papers of Mr. Kaulbach's father who died in La Grange a few years ago. This was Vol. II. No. 32 of the paper.

S. Whiting, the publisher, took, the title of "printer to congress," and charged "\$5 per volume in advance, or \$7 at the end of the year." The paper was published weekly. The publisher, however, had his eye on another field and on the editorial page offered the paper and printing plant for sale. He did say that the paper was located in the largest city in the republic and terms would be "accommodating."

One of the prominent advertisements in the paper is the appointment of administrators of deceased soldiers signed by A. Sidnev Johnston, secretary of war.

Thomas W. House, founder of the first big banking house in Houston, was operating a confectionery at that time. His advertisement "solicits orders for weddings, tea or dinner parties, for cake, pies, tarts, jellies, or anything required in this line, and pledges himself that for neatness and expedition he will not be surpassed in this city. Ice cream, ice punch and ice lemonade will be kept constantly on hand during the summer. Hot pies, cakes and custards every day."

Adams and Harris advertise for sale "1 pipe of cherry wine, 15 barrels of whiskey, 30 boxes of lemons, 1 dozen claret, 3 pipes of Holland gin, 20 baskets of annisettes, 100,000 superior Havana segars, 10,000 pounds superior bacon hams and 10 casks of loaf sugar."

J. W. Pipkin, Main Street, offers "the greatest variety and most beautiful assortment of beads ever offered for sale in this market, put up exclusively for the Indian and Mexican trade."

Considerable more space was devoted in the four-page paper to town lot advertisements than to commerce, indicating that the early settlers were "on to" the town boom game. The largest advertisement is devoted to the "Town

of Cushattee," 10 miles above the town of Liberty.

John W. Starr, secretary of the Republic of Texas, pursuant to a law passed by the third congress, offers for sale lots in the City of Calhoun. "Calhoun is situated on the east end of Matagorda Island directly on the main pass into Matagorda Bay and from its advantageous position will probably become the principal commercial city of west Texas," he says.

The only currency recognized at the time was gold, silver, audited paper and promissory notes of the government.

Edmund Andrews offered for sale lots in the town of Adelante (formerly upper Bolivar) on the east bank of the Brazos at the extreme head of navigation, "there being at all times 8 to 12 feet of water at this point and the impediments to navigation being immediately above."

The Republic of Texas also began the second sale of lots in Austin. Burleson & Jarmen offered for sale lots in the town of Burleson on the Colorado River about 25 miles above La Grange and 12 or 15 miles below Bastrop, Levi Jones, agent for the Galveston City Company, offers for sale the remaining one-half of the lots in that city. John Jerman offers for sale lots in the town of Lafayette, with settlement probably commencing the ensuing spring: "Lafayette," he says, "is situated about the proper distance for the county seat above the city of Austin."

How Texas Was Named.

An old newspaper article copied from the Galveston News of April 21, 1870, gives the meaning of the word "Texas" as follows: "In the correspondence between John Quincy Adams, secretary of state, and Don Onis, in order to prove the prior possession of Spain, gives the official report of a Spanish officer, who took possession of the country (West I believe) on Matagorda bay. He states that he met a tribe of Indians soon after his arrival who saluted him with the word, "Tohas," which in their language meant "Friends." This is doubtless the true meaning of the word."

Fight With a Mexican Lynx

Leonard Passmore, Voca, Texas.

In soliciting subscriptions for Frontier Times, I was accosted by a friend of mine, Mr. Noah Allen; about as follows:

"I would like to subscribe for Frontier Times, if it had any stories about 'coon fights. I enjoyed 'coon hunting and like to read hunting stories."

I did not say anything to him, but I conceived the idea, then and there, of writing out a full account of a personal combat I once had when a boy with a huge Mexican lynx, the large spotted kind, with tufts in its ears.

It was in the winter I think of 1889, when I was sixteen years of age. My father owned a great many hogs, that were running loose on the ranges, and in order to pen them we had to keep a large coterie of well trained dogs. They were named as follows: Sport, Drive, Fannie and Beaver, and a finer set of dogs I never saw. We could find and pen any bunch of hogs with them, and then if we cared to hunt at night we could enjoy coon fights and fox chases to our heart's content. At this particular time we had been hunting hogs all the week and all the dogs except Beaver, which we kept tied at home on account of his viciousness among hogs; were wearied and footsore. In addition to this pack of dogs someone had given me a puppy, and I was anxious to give him some training. I mentioned the fact to my father and he told me to take the pup out with old Beaver and let the other dogs rest, and that afternoon I did so.

I walked about two miles down Onion Creek, a stream that passed near our home in Gillespie county, when I heard Beaver and the pup barking viciously as though they had something treed. With my youthful heart leaping with joy, I ran to the dogs and to my surprise saw a large lynx up in a tall black jack tree. The animal seemed very ferocious, and growled angrily at me as I approached.

I had no gun with which to shoot the lynx, and I knew that Beaver and the pup could not kill it, so I began to screamed, thinking a man who lived near by, would hear me and bring a gun, but he did not.

At last I fell upon the plan, of securing a pole, and tying my pocket knife on the end of it, with which to give the animal a deadly thrust. Finding a suitable one, I tied my knife on the end of it with my shoestrings, and climbed up far enough to use the apparatus as an Indian used a spear. Striking as hard as I could, it seemed that the knife did not penetrate the tough hide of the lynx; but the animal leaped out. The dogs gave chase, and as the lynx was very full stomached, it soon took another tree, a small live oak. This time I had access to some rocks with which I pelted the animal heavily. It soon leaped out, and the dogs gave another chase. It took another tree, a slanting post-oak. I again tried the knife and pole; but as I reached up the animal snatched the knife in its mouth. I pushed vigorously, and succeeded, in bringing a good stream of blood, though the animal with its claws, ruined my shoe strings, and with its mouth chewed the wooden handle from my knife.

The lynx soon took another tree, and was being weakened somewhat by the loss of blood, but at the same time becoming more vicious. His growls, and snarls, were something fearful. Cutting some, "Mexican Daggers" a form of cactus, I made some strings with which I again tied my knife to the pole, and ascended the tree, I raised the knife slowly, and as I expected, the animal grabbed it in its mouth, whereupon I pushed as hard as I could, and succeeded in making another wound, from which the blood flowed very freely. At the same time, I pushed the animal out of the tree. The dogs again gave chase, and I ran down the tree to follow, where I saw the lynx coming right towards me from around a live oak thicket, and old Beaver in close pursuit. I grabbed up a mesquite stick, but just as the animal was in a few feet of me Beaver caught him. With a masterful kick with his hind legs, the lynx sent the dog rolling behind, and with glaring, green eyes, made a leap at me. I struck at him with my mesquite stick, and hit him on the back of the head. He dropped as

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Adventures of a Mier Prisoner

*Thrilling Story of John Rufus Alexander, a Member of the
Ill-Fated Expedition into Mexico*

Written by John Warren Hunter

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At dawn, September 11, 1842, Gen. Woll at the head of 1,200 troops took possession of the town of San Antonio. The battle on the Salado followed on the 17th, where a mere handful of men under old "Paint" Caldwell, after fighting nearly all day, sent the minions of Santa Anna reeling back into San Antonio. On the retreat of these dastards they encountered Dawson's company which was trying to reach Captain Caldwell's forces, and, ignoring the white flag which was hoisted in token of surrender, these brave men were put to the sword, only a few escaping to tell the story of Mexican perfidy and of Mexican atrocity. Upon Woll's advent into San Antonio, the call to arms rang out and was borne on the wings of wind from the Gaudalupe to the Brazos, from the Brazos to the Sabine; the blood of Dawson's men cried aloud for vengeance, and Texas hastily responded to the appeal. The call reached me at my home in Brazoria county, and seizing my rifle and mounting my best horse I hurried forward and joined Capt. Shelby McNeal's company and a few days later we reached San Antonio, where we remained in camp several weeks.

I wish to say just here, at the outset, that it is not my purpose to write the Mier expedition, giving in minute detail its causes and fatal results; able writers have faithfully accomplished that task, and all the world has read the harrowing story of Mier, the shocking tragedy of Salado, where seventeen of my comrades were inhumanly put to death by Santa Anna's orders, and of the long and cruel imprisonment of those who were finally driven in chains into the Castle of Perote. For the benefit of my children and those of my countrymen who would preserve the record of suffering and sacrifice of the men who fought for Texas and who laid in blood and tears the foundation of a mighty State, I, the only survivor of the six who escaped from Salado, and amid the evening shadows of a long and eventful life, as-

sume the pleasing task of placing upon record a truthful account of my personal experience as a member of the Mier Expedition, as a Mier prisoner, and my providential escape from Salado, and something of my sufferings while making my way through those inhospitable regions of Northern Mexico, back to Texas and home.

I do not recall the date of our departure from San Antonio for the Rio Grande; suffice it to say that our army, 1,000 to 1,200 strong, under command of General Somervell, set forth and after a tedious march, reached Laredo, where we remained in camp two or three days. The spirit of revenge and retaliation for numberless wrongs was rife among our men, who all the while had been made to believe that we were to be led into the enemy's country for the purpose of administering just and merited chastisement, and when General Somervell broke camp late one evening at Laredo, and took up the line of march in a direction contrary to that of our expectations, loud mutinous murmurings were heard in all the ranks. After marching all night, we halted for breakfast and seeing the discontent and threatening attitude of his men, and the spirit of insubordination that menaced the entire command, Gen. Somervell assembled the army and made a speech, at the conclusion of which he tendered his resignation as commander-in-chief and requested the men to elect his successor, adding that he would continue with the army and would go as far as any man dare go. This later statement seemed so generous and appealed to the boys in such friendly force that they refused to accept the offered resignation, but by almost unanimous vote, continued Somervell as commander of the expedition. After this expression of confidence the general stepped out in an open space, raised a flag and asked all who would pledge obedience to orders to rally to the colors, and all who wished to abandon the expedition and return home were at liberty

to do so. Five or six hundred men fell in line about the flag, while over three hundred preferred going home, and a short time later, under the leadership of Capt. Bennett took up the line of march for San Antonio.

With Gurrero as our next objective point, we marched down the river and when nearly opposite that place, which is three or four miles from the Rio Grande, we crossed to the south bank by swimming the stream and went into camp near town. From this camp General Somervell made a requisition on the town authorities for a large supply of hats, shoes and blankets, all of which our men stood in great need, and also a supply of provisions. The obsequious alcalde of the town agreed to comply with the demand made upon him and his people, only asking that time be granted in which to gather up supplies. The first consignment came in, and its inspection brought forth shouts of merriment from some, while others, those of direct need of clothing, vented their disgust in explosions of profanity. The stuff delivered consisted of a lot of old tattered garments that would shame a beggar; the men refused to touch it, and the alcalde was told to take it out of our camp, throw it in the river, and then hurry back to town and tell his people they would have to do better, else, something was going to happen, right away. With regard to provisions, the alcalde put up a doleful tale. He said the country was exhausted, that his own people were on the verge of starvation, and that no supplies were to be had. We remained in camp several days, after which with feelings of utter disgust and disappointment General Somervell issued orders to recross the river, and take up the line of march for San Antonio. Safely on the Texas side, we went into camp, and then came a storm of crimination, vituperation, separation and reorganization. Forgetting his pledge that he would go as far as any man in the expedition, General Somervell had determined to abandon the enterprise and return home, but there were restless determined spirits in the army who resolved to follow his leadership no farther. They swore they would never return home until the objects of the expedition had been accomplished, and Tom Green asked Somervell if he ever heard of any

glory accruing to the French general who marched his army up the hill and then halted and marched back down the hill. As I remember, those most vehemently opposed to a retrograde movement were Captains Cameron, Pearson, Ryan, Eastland, Buster, Gen. Green and Dr. Brenham. A call was made for volunteers to carry the war into Mexico, and three hundred fell in line. Colonel Fisher was elected commander and those of my company, McNiel's, who remained firm, re-organized and elected Reese as captain. Somervell and his followers started for San Antonio and Fisher's army of 300 resumed the march down the river, selecting the town of Mier as the first point of attack. It being late in December, the country was bare, bleak and desolate, affording little grass for our horses and less substance for the men, in consequence of which many of our horses became exhausted and had to be abandoned. This placed some thirty men on foot, but fortunately for these footmen, Gen. Tom Green discovered two flat boats which the Mexicans had attempted to conceal along the river; these were "holystoned," rigged up and put in commission, the footmen were taken aboard, a red flag was hoisted, and "Commodore" Green, with his new navy, set sail down the Rio Grande. Army and fleet kept pace, and at nightfall the "Commodore" would hove to, cast anchor, land his marines and camp with the land forces, adding to our depleted commissary any supplies he may have captured during the day's cruise. And thus we continued until we reached a point opposite the town of Mier. Here, I should state that during the descent, we encountered a few of the inhabitants; there were only a few ranches on the Texas side; these had been abandoned and the stock driven off. Green's boatmen came upon a few while foraging on the Mexican side along the river, but these had little or nothing worth taking and none of them could or would give any information as to whether or not there were any Mexican troops in the country.

On the evening of the 21st we went into camp opposite Mier, four or five miles distant, on the following morning we crossed the river and marched into town; where a requisition for clothing and provisions was made on the alcalde.

The response was prompt and energetic; the contributions were piled in heaps and heaps on the plaza until Fisher soon found he had more than he expected and having no means of transportation to remove the supplies, an agreement was had in which it was stipulated that the goods should be delivered at our camp on the following morning. We then returned to our camp on the east bank of the river, taking the alcalde along with us as security for the faithful performance of the contract. The next day was spent patiently waiting for the promised supplies, likewise the day following, and no supplies came. Meantime Captain Baker and spies had been kept on the lookout on the south side of the river and on Christmas eve they captured a Mexican from whom it was learned that Gen. Ampudia with a large force had reached Mier and had forbidden the fulfillment of the alcalde's promise. On learning this, we left our horses and camp outfit in charge of a detail of forty men, crossed the river and by 4 o'clock in the afternoon we were on the march for Mier, determined to beard the lion in his den. We had not gone far when we came in sight of the Mexicans, who had marched out to meet us, but when they saw us they fell back to the town.

General Green with his "marines" led the advance, and at nightfall we reached the outskirts of Mier, and were halted on the banks of the little river, the Alcantra I believe they called it, which in the darkness seemed impassable for footmen. While General Green and others were searching for a crossing, Joe Berry fell from a high bank and sustained a broken thigh. He was carried and placed in a deserted jacal nearby and left in charge of Dr. Sinnickson, Bate Berry and six others. General Green soon found a crossing and we moved forward under a heavy fire, reaching one of the main streets leading to the plaza where the enemy's artillery and main forces seemed to be stationed. The old alcalde whom we held as hostage, had been placed in the care of an old Irish sea captain named Lyons. When we had crossed the Alcantra, General Green happened alongside of Lyons and, not seeing the alcalde, asked as to his whereabouts. "Shure, sor, an' he's gone adhr-rift!" replied the old sea dog. A

laugh and a cheer rang down the line as we hurried along.

The firing of grape, which swept the street, forced us to take shelter around the corners, where we would load our rifles, then between fires, or while the enemy was reloading, we would rush out and on to the next corner. Early in the night a light rain set in, and in order to keep our powder dry, we entered the houses along the street and chopped our way through the walls until daylight found us within close rifle shot of the plaza.

The Mexican soldiers covered the flat roofs of the houses, many of whom were directly over our heads when we entered the lower apartments, but when it became light enough to draw a bead on those in sight we punched loopholes in the walls and soon silenced the artillery for the time being and drove the yellow rascals from the roofs. The Mexicans rallied and the firing continued until about noon. I do not remember the number we lost during this time. A comrade by the name of Jones was killed by my side; Colonel Fisher was severely wounded and there were others, but I have forgotten their names. During the progress of this fighting or earlier in the day a party of Mexicans surrounded the jacal in which we had left Joe Berry with a broken thigh. His brother, Bate Berry, Dr. Sinnickson, and others were made prisoners, but as Joe Berry was unable to walk, he was murdered at the very feet of his pleading brother, who later escaped a like fate by drawing a white bean at Salado, lived through a long captivity at Perote, returned home, and when the war with Mexico and the United States broke out, was among the first to enlist under Jack Hays, and with tiger-like ferocity fought on many fields to avenge his brother's murder.

About 1 o'clock the Mexicans made a desperate charge, but were repulsed. During this charge I think every Texan rifle was loaded, primed and ready for service, and every shot fired brought down a Mexican. The repulse was swift, bloody and complete, as I thought, and the cheers of our boys almost shook the town. A little after this repulse Dr. Sinnickson, who was then a prisoner, was sent under a white flag to us, and on his appearance we were ordered to cease firing. A moment later several Mexican

officers rode forward and called for Col. Fisher. The Colonel met them and, after a long parley, he returned with the announcement that he had been summoned to surrender under the promise that we should be treated as prisoners of war, that we should not be sent to Mexico, but held on the Rio Grande border until exchanged, or until peace was declared, and that we had just one hour to decide, and if the terms of surrender proposed by them were not accepted in that time we would be shown no quarter.

I have no language to describe the scene of confusion that followed this announcement. The older men, those who had fought at San Jacinto or had lost friends or relatives at the Alamo and Goliad, became furious and denounced those in favor of surrender as cowards and traitors. They argued that our advance so far had been one of triumph, that we had whipped the enemy back from the start, and now had Ampudia badly beaten, and that he had resorted to strategy on order to frighten us into surrender. And thus the muddle continued until the hour had almost expired. Some wanted to fight to the last ditch, others wanted to continue the fight until night and try to make our escape under cover of darkness. Those from the States, and the weaker element, who had small grievances and who had yet to learn of Mexican perfidy, favored surrendering, and began to stack their arms on the plaza. Seeing this, Captain Cameron made a final appeal and proposed that if as many as 100 men would stand by him he would lead them out even if he had to cut their way through the enemy's line. Only about sixty responded, and it was then decided that the number was too small, and the entire command yielded as prisoners of war. This fatal mistake was made on the evening of Christmas Day, 1842. In this action we lost sixteen killed, including those who died later of their wounds, besides twenty-six more or less severely wounded, out of a total of 261 that went into battle. I never learned how many the Mexicans lost; they held us in Mier until the following Saturday, nearly a week, and during much of the time they were digging graves and burying their dead, and from this we estimated that they must have lost at least, 500 killed outright, and, counting the wounded,

which must have been double the number killed, would show that each Texan killed or wounded three Mexicans, and if we had been allowed to continue the fight a few hours longer we would have wiped out Ampudia and his entire army, whose numerical strength was given as 2,000 men.

On Saturday the last day of the old year, we started on a long march to Matamoras, leaving our wounded in Mier in charge of Dr. Sinnickson. We were guarded by Ampudia's whole army, and at Camargo we were held up one day while each man's name, nativity, age and occupation was placed upon record. When we reached the next town Reynosa, we were halted on the outskirts of the miserable village, in order to allow the artillery to move forward, take position and fire salvos in honor of the immortal Ampudia and his great victory over the hated Tejanos. Finally, when all were in readiness, we marched into town, where we found triumphal arches on the only street, and these were adorned with every species of childish tawdry. The rabble lined the street and flat roofs and shouted themselves hoarse; now in laudation of the benemerito, Ampudia, and next, hurling anathemas at the Texas prisoners.

When the general entered the plaza he was preceded by about a dozen boys togged out in what these barbarians considered holiday costumes, and these little friskies danced, or rather capered, before his mightiness while he, with his prisoners, marched three times around the filth-laden plaza. All during this time there was a babble of noise, the firing of cannon, the blare of nerve racking music and the strident shouts of the multitude. At the close of this patriotic demonstration the general and his staff, led by a few sleek old priests, entered the church, where they went through some sort of ceremony, thanksgiving I suppose.

From Reynosa we were marched to Matamoras, a long and painful journey, and when we reached that place another triumphal reception awaited the "conquering hero." We were held there three days and during the time Major Oldham sent for an Englishman, then a resident of Matamoras, and whom he had formerly known in Kentucky. This generous acquaintance came promptly, and he

loaned Major Oldham \$100 and advanced to the prisoners the sum of \$2,000. In addition to this he gave as a free gift \$5 to each man that chanced to be from Kentucky. From Matamoras on January 14, we started for Monterey in charge of General Canales with a guard of 600 men. This march was marked with no unusual incidents save the sufferings of the weary, footsore prisoners who, all the while, were planning among themselves to make a break for liberty. We arrived at Monterey on the 29th, and remained until February 2, when we set out for Saltillo in charge of General Barragan and 350 men, all raw troops except a company of regulars, whom we soon learned to call Red Caps. During all this journey we were seldom free from the pangs of hunger, our daily allowance being a small piece of lean beef which had been boiled. This was doled out to us in a pint of water in which the meat had been cooked with a few grains of rice and a few beans. This stuff, and a small piece of dry, stale bread, was issued twice a day to each man and was barely sufficient to ward off starvation. Those who had shared the bounty of the generous Englishman at Matamoras fared better. There was no dearth of peddlers along our route. Our coming seemed to have been heralded far in advance, and every old palado that could scrape together a few eggs, tortillas, goat milk or goat milk cheese, got out on the road to wait our coming, and those who had the money could buy, while the moneyless man had to resort to stealing. And if the man without money got to the peddler first the latter soon found his stock entirely exhausted; he was soon surrounded by the friendliest people in the world, who oggled him clear away from his basket of goods, and when he carried his complaint to the officers they treated it as a huge joke—on the pelado.

The plotting continued. We lay over at Saltillo one day and then resumed our journey toward the City of Mexico—and Perote. Seventy-five miles from Saltillo we reached a station called Hacienda Salado. Here we came up with Colonel Fisher, General Green, Dr. Sheppard and their interpreter, Dan Henry, and also the old sea captain, Lyons, whom Gen. Green had proclaimed as his body servant. These officers had been sent

forward in order to keep them separate from us, but now since having penetrated far into the interior, Mexican vigilance seems to have relaxed to a certain extent, and that evening we were corraled some of these officers were allowed to visit us for a short time.

On arriving at this Hacienda Salado we were marched into an enclosure, the walls of which were eight, probably ten feet in height. This enclosure more properly speaking, corral, was divided into two pens or compartments, and into the smaller of these we were placed, while the larger was occupied by the infantry guards. The entrance to the pen assigned us opened into the compartment where the guards were bivouacked, and as soon as we all had passed in sentinels were placed at this entrance. The soldiers stacked their arms against the south wall, every movement being closely observed by keen watchful eyes.

At the opposite end of the enclosure, and built into the wall, was a house, with doorways leading from the main corral to the outside. The red caps took up quarters in this house for the night. During the brief visit of our officers, as before mentioned they were assured that if we made the break next morning as contemplated, we would certainly attack their escort and effect their release, but it seems that the Mexicans became suspicious and left with their prisoners before we made the stampede. At all events they were not far away, since General Green says in his History of the Mier Expedition that he heard our yells and the firing, and that he and his fellow prisoners were pushed forward with all speed, traveling seventy-five miles before they were allowed to halt. But to return to the men in the corral. It was the night of February 10. There was a chill in the air, and as night advanced a cold wind swept down from the Sierras. We had few blankets and we had been given only a slender supply of wood to light a fire. Before taps there was the usual amount of merriment among the boys, and it appeared to me that the spirit of fun and repartee ran with greater exuberance than on any former occasion, even to the extent that it attracted notice on the part of some of our guards, and one of the petty officers came in and asked Captain Cameron the cause of the general good humor.

He was told that it was in view of the near approach of St. Valentine's, our saint's day, which we always celebrated with great rejoicing and hilarity, since it never failed to bring good fortune.

Long before daylight on the morning of the 11th, I rose and made a small fire, and while trying to "thaw out," my benumbed limbs I was joined by others, Dr. Brenham and Mr. Copeland. In whispers we began to discuss our chances for a break that morning, and I expressed the opinion that the effort would not be made, that as heretofore, somebody would weaken because of the fearful hazard and the long distance from Texas, and also the fearful odds in point of the numbers against us. "but" said I, "if the break is made, I will be among the first in the charge, and I believe I can go as far as any man." Mr. Copeland said that the agreement to stampede was sure and binding and that we would run over guards as if they were a gang of hoodlums, and that we would get out in the mountains and live on the fat of the land. Dr. Cameron had been a Santa Fe prisoner and said if he was taken to the City of Mexico he would be recognized and immediately ordered to execution. "The break will be made this morning," said he, "if I have to make it all alone and single handed; I would rather die fighting like a man, here, than to be led out and shot like a felon at Perote."

Few of us gave heed to the chill of the morning air. The murky dawn announced the approach of a great crisis, and it found the men ready, eager and waiting for the signal. There was no unusual movement observable among the men; there was a total absence of that spirit of levity and good-natured badinage that had prevailed the evening before; a silence that presaged the coming of a great event in our lives prevailed; the men stood in groups, or sauntered in apparent listlessness about the narrow confines of our prison as dumb, submissive cattle, waiting the coming of the pound master to dole out the morning provender. Men looked into each others' faces with inquiring eyes and read decision in every countenance and grim determination in every eye. Our shackles were to be broken, the grave had less terrors than the dungeons of Perote, our backs were to be turned towards Santa Anna's boasted capital, and our faces

toward home, Texas, and liberty. What greater incentive to nerve men to daring deeds? I saw men grasp each others' hands in silence, as if in greeting, encouragement, congratulation, or a final farewell, each, seemingly, realizing that the minute hand of time was swiftly approaching the stroke of doom, or the chime of freedom for over 200 brave men. It was a scene fit to arouse the war gods of antiquity, and to command the admiration of the world. The Spartans at Thermopylae were led by tried and experienced officers and in their hands swords, spears and lances; the immortals who went down in the Alamo stood behind walls of masonry while their unerring eyes glanced along the gleaming barrels of the deadly rifles. The Captives of Mier, cold, hungry, their emaciated forms clad in rags that fluttered in responsive salute to the mountains' chilling breath; these stood in expectant silence awaiting the signal to spring upon a vigilant, heavily-armed foe, Weapons? Bare hands, more deft in the arts of peace than implements of warfare. Armor? Rugged breasts that never quaked with fear, always turned to the enemy, and faces that never blanched in the presence of danger. But these 'coarse, brawny hands were not without missiles and rude implements of hurtling design. Let me relate one instance: At Saltillo, one of our guards derisively cast at Bate Berry's feet an old cast-off infantryman's jacket, a mass of tatters that, ordinarily, a rag picker would have kicked aside. Ever on the alert, Berry took it up and finding one of the sleeves partially in tact, removed it and concealed it underneath the folds of his own dilapidated raiment. With this empty sleeve and a small round stone, weighing about one pound, he fashioned a sling-shot, and with this rude and primitive weapon he brained two of the guards when the break was made—his first blood offering on the altar of revenge.

All eyes were fixed upon Sam Walker and Captain Ryan as they carelessly advanced towards the doorway leading into the compartment occupied by the guards. Captain Ryan after looking through the gateway, turned and said something to those who stood near, and the word was soon whispered around: "Too late; the Red Caps were already under arms!" Ryan and Walker still

stood in the doorway as if waiting, while Capt. Cameron stood a few steps directly in their rear. The sun was rising, the silence most oppressive, and the suspense amounted to torture. Suddenly Capt. Cameron threw off his hat and pushing up his sleeves, his face aflame with a strange light shouted: "Now is your time! Come on, boys!" With Walker at his side, these two were the first to rush through the gateway, each grappling with a sentinel whom they disarmed and knocked down. With piercing shouts and deafening yells our men poured through the gateway, crushing the feeble resistance offered until they reached the stack of arms at the south wall; this point reached, and seeing us in possession of their guns, the guards either begged quarter or fled precipitately through the front gateway. A few stoutly resisted, but these were knocked down, run over, disarmed and a few killed. It was here that Berry got in his deadly work with his sling-shot. When I got to the stack of guns I grabbed a short musket, but imagine our chagrin when we found that the guns were not loaded. During this brief time the Red Caps were firing, but it seemed more like a rambling, desultory fire, without any particular aim, and when we had seized the guns and were making a rush for the ammunition, these valient Red Caps took to flight, joined by the Infantry, or those who had succeeded in getting out of our reach. As I passed through this main entrance I saw the brave Dr. Brenham and a man by the name of Lyons lying dead. Both had been Santa Fe prisoners, and had fallen as they emerged from the enclosure. One or two others whose names I do not recall, had been killed near them.

It required only a brief moment to supply ourselves with ammunition, and seeing the Mexicans scampering off in every direction a rush was made for their horses which were being held near by. Of these we captured about 100 head, sufficient to mount less than half of our men. Five of our men were killed in this action and a number wounded. We paroled our prisoners with the distinct understanding that the wounded we would be compelled to leave should receive humane care and treatment. We spent a couple of hours burying our fallen comrades, making our wounded—

those to be left behind—as comfortable as possible, collecting ammunition, provisions and other things that would prove useful on our journey. Next to the arms and horses our most important capture was the military chest, which contained \$1,400.

Along about 10 o'clock we faced about and took up the line of march for home and Texas. We took turn about riding and walking, and with radiant faces pursued the route we had followed after leaving Saltillo, and during the remainder of that day and a few hours of night travel we covered the distance that required two days' travel while under guard. In other words, we halted at a point where we had camped two nights before. Here, finding a house well filled with corn, we fed our horses, ate supper, remounted and proceeded about six miles and went into camp. The next morning, finding ourselves within about ten miles of Saltillo, a halt was called and the question submitted as to whether we should leave the main road and try to make our escape through the mountains or pursue our present course and take chances on cutting our way through. Our most sagacious leaders opposed leaving the main highway. They readily admitted the force of the argument advanced by those in favor of the mountain route. True, they said, the news of our uprising will travel on the wings of the wind, a large force will doubtless be in waiting to intercept us at Saltillo, and even should we get past the town in safety, every mile of the road to the Rio Grande will be beset with dangers. But in the face of this, consider what we have accomplished this day. With bare hands we have overcome our enemies, three to one, captured their arms, we ought to vanquish any number of convict soldiers Santa Anna may send against us. Take to the mountains, they argued, and we are lost. We would have to encounter all the extremes of heat and cold, traverse trackless wastes, climb lofty heights, follow the meanderings of boulder-strewn canyons and hew our way across arid plains set with forests of hurtling cactus, without food, without water, with absolutely no hope of escape.

The question was put to a vote and a majority stood in favor of the mountain route. Fatal decision!

The break at Salado was made February 11, 1843, and after leaving the road and directing our wandering steps into the mountains, I soon lost all reckoning as to dates.

Leaving Saltillo to the right, we struck into the mountains, and for two days we traveled over abandoned trails and roads. In the afternoon of the third day we came to a small station occupied by a few soldiers. Captain Cameron sent John Brennan forward to ask if we could obtain water and provisions, but when he approached within hailing distance he was ordered away on pain of being shot, learning of which Cameron decided it best to proceed without further disturbance. The next day we came to another military post, and as we approached, the occupants opened a brisk fire upon us at a distance of at least 500 yards. "Convicts," said Patrick Mahan, "just out of the penitentiary, and the officers want them to get used to the sound of their own guns, which are about as safe at one end as at the other, and little harm in either."

We did not return their weakling fire but passed on. The next morning we struck a road, and after traveling some distance, came to water and went into camp, and while resting at this point an Englishman, accompanied by a Mexican officer came to us and inquired for our leader. Captain Cameron was pointed out, and after introducing himself and discovering that Cameron was a Scotchman, the Briton became quite communicative and displayed the most friendly solicitude for our well-being. He said he knew the country, and gave Cameron explicit directions with regard to the route he should pursue, and on parting offered the Captain a well filled purse as an earnest of his friendship. This was politely declined the Captain informing him that he already possessed ample funds for present wants. All the while, the Mexican maintained silence, and after their departure we were unable to surmise the object of his coming unless he came as a spy. However, we followed the Englishman's directions until towards night, when certain signs and surroundings led us to conclude that he was a treacherous rascal, a villainous spy in the pay of Santa Anna, and that his object was to lead us into a snare. Whereupon we abandoned the route designated

by the Englishman, and the day following we ascended to the summit of a high mountain, and from our lofty elevation we discovered a canyon, which, having its source near the base of the mountain, stretched away toward the east, the course we wanted to pursue. We made our way down the rugged side of this mountain and entered the canyon, and it seemed the farther we advanced the higher the perpendicular walls of granite grew and the more broken and difficult the surface of the boulder-strewn floor. With here and there breaks or falls of two to four feet at first, but increasing in height, or rather depth, as we proceeded. Over a number of these it became necessary to push our horses, which was rather perilous, and a few of the poor animals sustained severe bruises and contusions in the operation. Having passed one of these declivities of six feet perpendicular fall, we came to one of at least fifteen feet, forming a barrier that forbade all hope of further advance with our horses. The six-foot wall was just behind us, at our feet was a fifteen-foot precipice; we could neither advance nor retrace our steps; we could only kill our faithful horses. It was a sad, heart-rending ordeal, and touched the most obdurate heart. These patient animals had borne us thus far, and even now, while we were planning their destruction in their famished condition, their gentle lustrous eyes were turned upon us appealingly for relief. But there was no alternative; we also were threatened with starvation, and the sacrifice had to be made. The die was cast, the horses were slaughtered, and some of the men drank their warm blood in order to relieve their consuming thirst. As the meat of these horses was being prepared for transportation, some of the men went down the canyon in search of water, which was found in a basin two miles below. The quantity was small, about two barrels, and I made two trips with as many Spanish gourds as I could carry when filled. In those days the Spanish gourd was used instead of the canteen. Here a division was made of the \$1,400 we had captured, my portion amounting to \$7.00.

From this point of desolation we resumed our march, each man carrying a supply of raw horse meat. Ours was a dry camp that night and we traveled all

next day without water. In the afternoon of that day Captain Cameron directed that those having sufficient strength remaining should scour the country to the right and left of our course and search for water, while he, with those so nearly exhausted, would move forward to a designated mountain peak in the distance, where we would all rendezvous. I went with the squad that turned to the right and after a fruitless search we ascended the mountain and waited until all the men came up. From this point we saw in our front a broad valley with a lofty range of mountains beyond, and in this valley there was a small round mountain, which Captain Cameron pointed out and said we would leave that elevation on our left.

Water! water! was the cry of the famishing men, and some, through sheer exhaustion, had thrown away their guns and blankets. We descended the mountain, I among the foremost, and when I reached the valley my thirst was so intense that I struck out alone in search of water, and finding none, went to the top of the little round mountain, where I had an excellent view of the surrounding country, but discovered no indications of water anywhere. It was a vast picture of aridity and desolation. Bordering on despair, I threw my blanket over a bush to shelter me from the scorching rays of the sun and lay down in the shade thus afforded to await the coming of Cameron. In a short time Jack Johnson and Gibson came up. The evening was far advanced and as Cameron failed to appear, we concluded that he had changed his course and gone in the direction of a mountain pass that we could see northeast of us.

A little to the left of that gap or pass we could see two very high peaks with a low elevation between them, and realizing the probability that this pass or gap would be guarded, we decided that we would avoid the pass and attempt to cross over the low swell between the two peaks. Acting upon this decision we three set out and traveled the remainder of the day and night, our famished condition rendering our progress slow and extremely painful. A heavy fog prevailed next morning, somewhat to our relief, and as we entered a small valley we suddenly came upon four of our comrades, Ackerman, Arthur, Cash and Jim Neely. Our little squad now

numbered seven and we pushed on in the direction of the peaks until noon, when we halted, and while trying to press a little moisture from the piths of a species of dagger tree Gibson wandered away and was lost—delirious of thirst and hardship.

We six finally reached the base of the mountain and during the night made the ascent, reaching the summit an hour or two before daylight. Here we lay down and slept, and during my sleep I had one of those peculiar dreams experienced, it is said only by those on the verge of dissolution from thirst and starvation. I was being welcomed at home, and was at a great feast prepared by generous relatives and friends. Long tables laden with viands, rich, rare and bounteous, were before me, and I was urged to eat. I craved water, only water, and when this was forthcoming I emptied each jar as it was brought to me and called for more. Each draught seemed to inflame my thirst, and yet on one of the vast company seemed astonished at the amount of water I drank. My thirst was unquenchable.

From this tantalizing creature of a distempered brain I awoke at daylight. We dragged our emaciated bodies down the mountain side and as we reached the plain we glanced up to the right and our eager eyes caught the silver sheen of a waterfall. Glorious vision! We hastened around the point of the mountain and came to a beautiful stream of clear, cold water. We had been four days without this life-preserving element, and here we rested during the remainder of the day, drinking and bathing and feasting on the now partially spoiled horse meat that yet remained.

Leaving this stream we proceeded on our eastward course, and after traveling quite a distance we discovered a man on foot pursuing a road that led northward, and on taking our bearings we found that we were near the entrance to a pass through which the road led and fearing to go through this pass during the daytime, we went into concealment and lay by until nightfall, after which we entered the pass, where we found water, and while replenishing our water gourds a horseman passed near us, going northward. As soon as he passed out of hearing we followed, and after proceeding about a mile we emerged from

the pass and entered a valley. Jim Neely had remained a short distance behind as a sort of rear guard, and when we had gone some distance in the valley he came up and said some one was dogging our steps. On this notice we moved off about forty yards from the road and waited developments. The moon was shining, and presently a footman came along. When opposite where we lay he halted, and after a moment as if listening, he called out in a low tone of voice: "Boys, where are you?" The stranger proved to be Major Oldham, and I never saw a man so overjoyed to get back into good, but very forlorn, company. The Major reported as follows: "I remained with Capt. Cameron two days after you left him and from the time of your departure the men maddened with thirst, began to wander off, singly and in groups, searching for water. No persuasion, no advice or counsel could deter them; they were crazed with burning, consuming thirst, the Mexicans picking them up here and there. Captain Pearson, with eleven men, myself included, became separated from the others and while searching for water, I and Thompson being considerably in the rear, a squad of cavalry surrounded Pearson, capturing him and the men with him. The Mexicans failed to see us, and hence our narrow escape. When this cavalcade had gone I and Thompson proceeded in quest of water, and when we came to a pass in the mountains we discovered a Mexican camp. By this time Thompson was wild and said there was water in that camp and he was going to get it. I tried to dissuade him, but to no effect. He was determined and, giving me his gun and ammunition, we shook hands and he was off. This occurred during the night, and to avoid discovery, when daylight came I concealed myself in a deep gulley and remained there all day, my position being in full view of the Mexican camp. About sundown a large body of Mexican cavalry passed near me, going in the direction of the gap in the mountain where they went into camp. This occupancy of the gap forced me to climb the mountain in order to evade the enemy thus placed on guard, and when I had accomplished this toilsome feat I descended into the gap, where I found water the first I had obtained in five

days. After satisfying to some extent my thirst I filled my only water vessel, a tin cup, and resumed my journey northward and continued until overcome with exhaustion. I dropped down and slept until morning, and when I awoke a bird was sitting on my breast almost splitting his little throat with his morning song. When I moved he flew away, and I regarded the incident as being a good omen: it gave me new courage and I resumed my travels with a lighter heart and continued until I overtook you boys."

With the arrival of Major Oldham our party again numbered seven, and pushing ahead, we traveled the remainder of that night and all next day without water. Late in the evening we came to an arroyo where we expected to find more water, but not a drop was to be found. After resting awhile, Johnson and Cash proposed going up the arroyo as far as a designated point, where they would remain in waiting for us while we explored certain gulches that led off in the direction indicated. They firmly believed that water could be found somewhere in that vicinity. Later, when we reached the point designated, a small elevation, these two men were nowhere to be seen, and made no response to our repeated calls. With heavy hearts we went forward. I loved Cash, and it grieved me to lose him in that impossible wilderness, and my grief was greatly intensified long afterward when I learned that he was among those recaptured who drew the black bean at Salado and was cruelly murdered.

Our little squad of wanderers was now reduced to five and that night, still being without water, we lay down and slept until morning, when, upon rising, we discovered that we were at the head of two "draws" or valleys. Mr. Ackerman said he would follow down the one on right while we moved down along that on the left, and that we would meet at the confluence of the two, which did not seem very far distant. We never saw Mr. Ackerman again. On reaching the confluence of the two valleys, we waited and called repeatedly, but receiving no answer and giving him up for lost, we continued our course, our number now being reduced to four, and after having traveled several hours

we came to a dry arroyo, where we found cattle tracks, which gave us the assurance that water was near at hand. Following the cattle sign up the arroyo we had not gone far when Major Oldham and Mr. Arthur yielded to exhaustion. Leaving them with the promise that if we found water we would return to their succor, I and Neely pushed forward but we had not proceeded very far when I also had to fall by the wayside. Neely left me to continue the search, and in about half an hour I heard his signal announcing the discovery of water. He hurried back with the good tidings, and related having seen an old bull at the watering place, which he said I must kill, as we needed beef. While Neely went to the relief of Major Oldham and Arthur I managed to reach the water hole, which I found contained very little water. However, with my hands I scraped out a basin in the yielding mud and clay and soon had a bountiful supply. Meanwhile my three comrades had come up, and after a short rest Neely borrowed the Major's gun and we set out to kill the old bull, which we succeeded in doing after having fired three shots and engaging in almost a hand to hand fight, before bringing him down. In the entire party there was only one knife, an old worn out pocket knife, and with this makeshift we found it a laborious task removing sufficient hide to enable us to carve out a few chunks of meat.

We remained there two days and nights, resting, recuperating, drying meat, feasting on tough roasts and repairing our footwear with bull hide. Major Oldham mended his gun stock which Jim Neely had broken over the head of the old bull.

We left this camp greatly refreshed late one evening and during the night Neely and Arthur became separated from us. Discovering their absence we ascended a high ridge nearby and called, shouted, fired our gun and waited, but they did not answer, and we two, Major Oldham and I, were forced to proceed without them, and pledging ourselves to stay together, even to the end, we set forth, persuaded that those brave men who had separated from us did so through choice, preferring to take chances alone rather than risk themselves in the company with others, and

on the principle that one man can pass unobserved through a country easier than a party of men.

That night we rested in a stony valley that trended northward, and this we followed through the day, passing large forests of pine and oak. Late in the evening we came to the head of this valley and next morning we reached the top of a mountain, from which we saw in the distance cattle grazing in a valley that lay in front. We descended into this valley and, after a toilsome day's travel, went into camp, as usual, without water. During the night a 'possum visited us, was captured, and, after going a short distance next morning, we found water, roasted our 'possum, made a cup of horsemint tea, and feasted; our supply of bull beef having been exhausted. That evening we reached a stream and along toward sundown we saw cattle coming to water. Here was a chance for more beef, and taking my stand near a deep cut or trail in the bank, I waited until a nice, fat two-year-old heifer came along and shot her. We built a fire and began barbecuing the meat, which we found far more palatable than our late ration of bull beef.

Here let me say, that from this time until we reached San Antoino, my narrative cannot recollect dates and details of each day's travel. We had lost all record of time.

Loading ourselves with a good supply of nice beef, we broke camp and traveled three days in a northeast course, without water. At last we came to a dry arroyo and, following it some distance down stream, we came to high bluff beneath which was a depression. With my hands I scraped out a small pit in this depression and soon had a supply of water. After satisfying our thirst, we noticed a number of bees swarming around the water and I soon obtained a "bee course" following which about 200 yards below, I discovered a bee cave in the wall of the arroyo, about eight feet from the base. With Major Oldham's bayonet we scooped out all the honey our tin cups would hold and went into camp. Either from eating too much honey or from the effects of the bee stings, the Major came near dying that night, but by morning relief came and he was able to stir around. Removing his goatskin leggings, he tied

the lower ends, revisited the bee cave and filled them with honey for future use.

Late in the after noon, next day after leaving our bee camp, we came into a road, and a few minutes later we were overtaken by a young Mexican on horseback. In response to our inquiries he said he lived on the road about a league distant. He seemed quite obliging, gave us some leaf tobacco and a cake of bread, and refused the offer of pay, saying that all our wants would be supplied and kind hospitality accorded us on reaching his home. His seeming generosity so far wrought upon the major that, over my protest, he allowed him to carry his gun, the Major hardly able to walk because of physical exhaustion; the riddance of the burdensome gun was a great relief. Darkness overtaking us, I told the major he must recover his gun, that that Mexican, like all others of his class, was a rascal. The major yielded, and when he asked for his "shootin' iron" the Mexican put spurs to his horse, and that was the last of the major's old musket. A few minutes later we heard the barking of dogs and from this we inferred that the Mexican had reached home. The night was intensely dark, with a misting rain, and we could scarcely follow the road, but moved forward until we found ourselves in what seemed to be a village, or a large ranch, judging from the number of lights that issued from a number of doors and windows. To avoid discovery, we turned off to the left and entered an irrigated field where, for some time we floundered around in mud, slime, and ditches, until we came at a late hour to a rippling stream about forty yards wide and rather deep. We forded this river with great difficulty, as the water was over waist deep and very swift. Being much taller in stature, I had to carry our scant baggage over and then return and assist the major. We next found ourselves in a dense swamp, and, finding a place comparatively dry, we halted and slept until morning. Rising early we proceeded on our way, and that evening we found ourselves in a sheep range and coming up with a herder, we took charge of him and tried to purchase a sheep, which he positively refused to sell, saying they were not his property and that he had no authority to dispose of even one

sheep. We gave him to understand that we were hungry and were going to have a mutton, and with certain very effective powers of persuasion we induced him to catch the fattest finest sheep in the flock, one of our own selection. For his trouble we gave him the head and hide, paying him a dollar for the sheep. I also gave him 25 cents for an old sway-back butcher knife, which I lost a few days later. We asked this honest simpleton many questions which, I believe, he answered correctly in so far as his very limited knowledge extended. We told him we were on our way to Kendalia, but when beyond his sight we changed our course, went into camp on a river and barbecued our mutton.

From this place we traveled two days and nights without water, and on the second day while resting, prone upon the ground, we heard a low, sullen roar, the source of which we decided was a little to the right of our course. We also decided that it was the sound of a waterfall, which it proved to be. Pushing on down the mountain through the darkness, we reached the falls of a beautiful river, where we camped, made a cup of mint tea and devoured the last of our mutton supply.

Continuing up the river valley the next day, late in the afternoon we found ourselves in another sheep range, and while seeking the shepherd we came upon his shanty and flock pens. We entered this jacal, or shanty, took possession and made ourselves quite at home. Looking around we found a mug of goat's milk and a small supply of tortillas, which we promptly transferred to the department of the interior. We also found about three quarts of shelled corn and a small amount of mutton suet which found lodgement in our wallets. This was all in the way of provisions, we could find; among other things, in the herdsman's wardrobe I found a pair of tanned goat skin pants, all complete save the waistband. Of my old pants all that remained was the waist band. These new pants fitted me to a fraction, and, splicing them on my old waistband. I went forth as proud as any boy with his first pair of breeches. A bunch of kids were playing about the pens and we tried to secure one of these, but failed on account of our extreme weakness from hunger and hardships. Leaving

this ranch and going some distance, we found a secluded place where we lighted a fire, parched a supply of corn in the embers, and that, with the mutton suet, formed the menu for our supper, which we greatly enjoyed.

Before us was a river, and to get across this deep stream was our next task. We soon came to a point where there was an island, where we found a fallen tree across the other channel, which was quite deep, and on this foot-log we passed safely to the opposite shore and without water we traveled the two days following, and on the third day a furious norther blew up, and owing to the intense cold we were forced to lay by a day and night, following there came a heavy frost, and after this had cleared away we set forward and late that evening I became deathly sick. Major Oldham made a fire and did all he could for my relief, but I steadily grew worse, and believing that my hour had come, I begged him to leave me and try to make his way through, that we were starving, and it would be folly for him to waste time in a hopeless case. He reminded me of our pledge to stand by each other through all danger, and that he would not violate that obligation. During the day following the Major's attack of illness at the bee cave camp, he came upon an herb which was in great repute among the housewives in Texas as being a sovereign remedy for a great variety of ills. This herb, he said was balmona, and he pulled up a handful and stowed it away in his wallet for use in case of an emergency. When he found that my case was really serious he thought of his herb and brewed a cup of the most villainous compound I ever tasted. In a short time it took effect, and the effect was nearly as fierce as the disease, but it brought me around, and by morning I was able to move about. In the afternoon I was able to travel at a slow gait and on reaching an elevation we could see ahead of us a long belt of timber, and when within about a mile of this timber, we discovered a couple of deer, and taking my gun, Oldham managed by stealth to kill one of these, which we carried to the timber which as we surmised, was on the bank of a large bold river. It being near night we went into camp, and while I went to the river to get water the Major roasted the

deer's liver and some venison. We had no salt, but the viands were savory and greatly relished. Going down to the river bank next morning, we decided that we had reached the Rio Grande and joy filled our souls as we gazed upon the opposite shore and said to each other, "That is grand old Texas!" We traveled down the river two days seeking means of crossing, and on the morning of the third day we came to an old stock pen built of poles. We were elated over the find and proceeded to make a raft. When it was completed, Major Oldham mounted the front end of our raft, while I took station aft, and with poles we launched forth on our voyage and landed safely in Texas. Removing our slim cargo we set the raft adrift and continued our course, down the valley, and on the second day we discovered signs which convinced us that we were approaching a settlement. We bore to the left, being satisfied that we were near Laredo, and it was our plan to lave the town to the right and, if possible, to get into the San Antonio road. It was now night, and there being so many roads we became confused, and crossed the one we were seeking without being aware that it was the San Antonio route, so we decided to halt. Next morning we heard a church bell, which seemed close by, and found ourselves near the river below town. Taking our bearings, we set out, and soon came to a road that seemed to lead in the right direction, and while deliberating on the advisability of following this road, a Mexican rode up within forty yards of us, halted, and while eyeing us, I called out, "Buenas dias, amigo!" whereupon he wheeled his horse and fled with all speed back the way he came, toward town. Just then we concluded that we could get along without a road, and turning eastward, we proceeded a dense chaparral, satisfied that the pelado who had discovered us would soon have a gang of his companeros at our heels. After going about ten miles we came to a creek which we recognized as one we had crossed during our march to Laredo, and nightfall being at hand, we went into camp. The next morning, after proceeding about two hundred yards, we came to the San Antonio road. Before entering this road we peered cautiously up and down the road to see

if the way was clear, and about four hundred yards north of us we saw a Mexican standing near his horse as if waiting for some one. We, seeing no way to get around him, concealed ourselves in a gulch nearby, which emptied into the creek. From this hiding place we watched the Mexican, and after waiting a short while he mounted and rode down to the creek and watered his horse within twenty steps of us, then rode up on the bank, dismounted, and lay down while his horse was allowed to graze. He was not thirty steps away. We could almost hear him breathing, and we decided to arrest him, take him along for a day's travel and then turn him loose, afoot. We needed his horse. Just as we were about to carry this plan into effect, a large party of Mexicans were seen coming down the road from the direction this Mexican had come. Being in the gulch, well hidden by the tall grass, we hugged the ground, now and then peering out to observe the enemy, thinking probably that after all our miseries and hardships we might be discovered, retaken, and that, too, so near home. But fortune once more favored us. The cavalcade passed on, within a few steps of us. The lazy pelado remounted and joined his palsanos, and they were soon out of sight, going toward Laredo. Our natural conclusion was that the fellow whom we had hailed near town had hastened into Laredo, told of having seen two Tejanos, and this was the returning company that had been sent to head us off and recapture us.

After a wearisome day's travel, that night we camped at the "Thirty Mile" water hole, and the night following we reached the Nueces without incident, save that during the evening I found a pair of saddle bags which contained a Texas soldier's regulation coat, three shirts, a fine silk handkerchief, some tobacco and a few bars of lead. The coat and shirt came as a godsend. We were needy. On the next day our meat supply failed; deer were plentiful, but we failed to kill any, although the major fired several shots at close range. When we reached the Frio river we found a great many wild turkeys. I wasted three shots trying to kill one without success. Those Mexican muskets were not made for a Texan. The next morn-

ing Major Oldham fired our last round of powder at a deer and brought it down in its tracks. By this time our hunger had become ravenous, and removing the liver, we hastily built a fire and cooked and ate it in short order. The meat we barbecued after carrying it with us until we came to water. Two days later we reached the Medina river, where we passed the night with a hospitable Mexican, from whom we learned of the recapture of our comrades and that every tenth man had been shot. We also learned that it was then the fourth day of April—nearly two months since we made the break at Salado, and yet it seemed an age. The next day we reached San Antonio. Two prouder and yet more ragged, uncouth and more forlorn looking men never entered the plaza of that old town. Men, women and children gazed at us with wonder until it became quickly known that we were Mier prisoners who had escaped from Salado, and when this news was carried through the city we became the object of a solicitude and compassion which we felt that we did not altogether merit. In truth the attentions we received were so generous and spontaneous that to an extent they became embarrassing. Homes were thrown open to us, the town was ours, every want was anticipated and supplied, clothing, saddles, bridles, and horses to carry us home. For three days we enjoyed the splendid hospitalities of the great-souled people of San Antonio, and during which time a great many—fathers, mothers, wives and sisters—flocked to us to learn the fate of sons, brothers, husbands or relatives.

From San Antonio we went to our homes in Fayette county, where there was a repetition of the hospitality shown by San Antonio and where we had the same questions propounded and the same answers to render. This closes the account of my capture and escape as a member of the Mier expedition, an account as near correct in its details as I can give from memory, it being written for my children and grand children.

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Old Fort Clark, a Frontier Post

By Chaplain Cephas C. Bateman, U. S. A., in Recruiting News

Historic Fort Clark is situated in Kinney County, Texas, near Brackettville, the county seat, 140 miles west of San Antonio, ten miles from Spofford Junction, Southern Pacific Railway, and twenty miles from the Rio Grande. Its altitude is eleven hundred and thirty feet above the Gulf of Mexico; distant from tide water two hundred and fifty miles.

The site, when chosen early in 1852, was deemed not only eligible, but strategic. Upon the mesa, over sixty feet higher than Las Moras Spring, a few hundred yards away, the post was established June 15, 1852. A fine view of the almost limitless mesquite plains is here commanded. Las Moras Mountain is a conspicuous landmark as one looks toward the northeast.

The first U. S. troops to arrive upon the scene were two companies of the First Infantry, accompanied by an advance and rear guard of U. S. Mounted Rifles. The column was in command of Major Joseph Hatch La Motte. He was graduated from West Point in 1827, resigned from the Army 1856, and died November 15, 1888.

The post was named after Major John B. Clark, First Infantry, in an order dated July 16, 1852. This officer entered the Army as an Ensign of the 28th Infantry, May 20, 1813 and had reached the rank of Major by 1845, and died August 23, 1847 while the war with Mexico was still in progress.

The site of Ft. Clark was held as an encampment or contonment for nearly four years before the erection of anything like permanent quarters was begun. Soldier labor for all purposes was largely employed.

It is known that the present headquarters building was constructed in 1857. This date stands out in relief above the east entrance to this day. Tradition has it that the original post hospital, bakery, and guard house antedated this by a year or more. The material extensively used for walls was and still is an inferior free stone which is easily eroded.

A great procession of officers and men have passed and repassed at Fort

Clark during the long period of occupancy. It is interesting to note that the First and Second Dragoons and the Mounted Rifles became the First, Second and Third Regiments of Cavalry. Nearly if not quite all of the old regiments knew something of the Mexican border at the outbreak of the Civil War, while most of them were familiar with the stamping grounds of the Lipans, the Kickapoos and the Comanches.

After the ordinance of secession was passed in Texas over the vehement protest of General Sam Houston, Fort Clark was one of the eighteen federal posts surrendered by General David E. Twiggs to the Texas Commission, Feb., 1861. On March 19 of that year it was evacuated by the Federal troops, being shortly afterward occupied by Texas volunteers under command of Lieutenant Colonel John R. Baylor. During this period post records disappeared for the period 1852-1866.

One of the incidents of the Federal evacuation was the sudden conversion of the post-surgeon and the hospital steward to the Confederate cause. The records show treatment for about everything that can befall men, women, and children. Here were brought the Confederate wounded from the so-called "Dutch Battle Ground," near the upper Nueces.

The old post cemetery, now no longer used, offers solemn suggestion of the violence and bloodshed of the Mexican border. On entering the walled enclosure one is impressed with the number of graves marked "Unknown." Out of the 146 graves, 102 hold the dust of persons whose identity had been utterly lost. This may be explained in part at least by the traditions that all white people found dead upon the plains within a radius of many miles were brought here for decent interment.

From the headstone erected in memory of a soldier who died from wounds received at the hands of Kickapoos I have taken the following inscription:

O pray for the soldier, you kind-hearted stranger;
He has roamed the prairie for many a year;

He has kept the Comanches away from your ranches—

And followed them far over the Texas frontier.

Fort Clark was regarrisoned by Federal troops December 12, 1866, Company C, 4th Cavalry, commanded by Capt. John E. Willcox, composing the force to which was committed the two-fold task of fighting Indians and restoring the place. In March, 1868, the 4th Cavalry was reinforced by troops of the 41st Infantry, joining in command of Brevet Brigadier General R. S. Mackenzie. This officer occupies a large page in the history of the post all through the years we come upon the autographs of distinguished men who served here.

The signature of Wesley Merritt, W. H. Lawton, T. J. Wint, J. K. Mizner, W. R. Shafter, C. R. Edwards and many others.

To have "served at Clark," was at one time nearly equivalent to honorable mention, for such an entry in one's record was a sure token that the fortunate or unfortunate individual had been really initiated into army life.

I noticed that in the old days here if they did not have compulsory church attendance they had something that was a good deal worse. Chaplain Barr was ordered to present himself on the parade ground at 2 p. m. Sundays before the garrison in line and read the Articles of War, after which he was authorized to conduct any service he might choose for the occasion. I find no record of men falling dead at this "church."

The high cost of living bore heavily upon slender purses of those days. Old schedules framed by post councils of administration show that tomatoes were fifty cents a can, while a glass of jelly sold for \$1.25. Whiskey varied in price from \$4.00 to \$7.00 per gallon. All whiskey was supposed to be "good" in those days, but some brands were "better" than others. For close quarters and quick action the four dollar grade was probably the "best" the country afforded.

It is a remarkable fact that, although Fort Clark was established so long ago, the government did not secure a deed to the land of this military reservation until 1885, when the sum of \$80,000 was paid for 3693.2 acres.

During the war with Spain (1898)

Fort Clark was garrisoned by the 3rd Regiment of Texas Infantry and kept in good condition.

Fort Clark today is one of the most desirable locations in the southwest. Blessed with an abundance of pure spring water and the purest of air from the Gulf and great plains, the sick reports have always been low.

All talk of abandonment has long since ceased. A period of enlargement and reconstruction began in 1917 and the work is still in progress. One of the best Y. M. C. A.'s (now the Service Club) in the department was dedicated by Major General John W. Ruckman early in 1918. Since that time nearly \$200,000 have been expended in modern improvements such as electric lighting, sewage system, concrete walks and driveways. Parks have been laid out which by reason of the presence of ancient oaks and pecans lend themselves to every form of beautification. Bridle paths follow the curve of Las Moras creek under the shade of forest monarchs centuries old at Clark.

(Editor's Note—Lieutenant Colonel John R. Baylor mentioned above, was the father of our good friend and regular contributor to Frontier Times, Colonel W. K. Baylor, of San Antonio.)

Our Clubbing Offers

Frontier Times is in position to make the following clubbing offers:

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of Capt. J. B. Gillett's book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," regular price of the two \$4.00. Our price \$3.00, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "The Life of F. M. Buckelew, the Indian Captive," regular price for the two \$3.00. Our price \$2.25 postpaid.

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Some of My Frontier Experience

Jno O. Allen, Cookville, Texas.

I was born in Kaufman county, Texas, June 22, 1850. Raised myself from a nine year old boy, slopped the hogs, milked the cows and cut wood to pay my way through school, was trained to work with my hands as well as my head, and like most of the Texas boys of the fifties and sixties was trained early to use the guns that we then had in use. With the small rifle that I used in learning to shoot I could take off a squirrel's nose and leave the brains. I was also early trained to ride, and to use the lariat. When I was fifteen years old there were but few horses that I could not ride. My life has been an outdoor life, and even now at seventy-four years old, I am ready to go.

In the early summer of 1868, when the buffalo were just beginning to go back North, and when I was just 18 years old, a party of ten of us organized for a buffalo hunt on the frontier of Texas. We had for our captain or leader a man by the name West. All of the ten men were married men except myself, and two or three of the men had had some experience on the frontier. We secured a good wagon and two good horses for our chuck wagon, and we bought the best guns and pistols that could be had at that time, and put in a double supply of amunition, and every man rode the best horse that could be had in Kaufman county. On the 23rd day of June we started for Ft. Worth and from there we went to Jacksboro and on near Lost Valley, where we saw our first buffalo, a few old stragglers, but we did not molest them, as we wanted to go further out where we could see the buffalos in countless numbers.

After we left Lost Valley we went out by what was then known as the Russell Ranch. Late in the evening after we passed the Russell Ranch, traveling in the direction of the Washita Hills, we came in sight of multiplied thousands of buffalo, also deer and antelopes by the hundreds.

About 4 P. M. we arranged a camping place where we could get the most protection from the Indians, in a small canyon with only one outlet. We dug a pit in which to barbecue our buffalo

meat and brought up a good lot of mesquite wood; then we put out our guards for the night and assembled around the chuck wagon and partook of some of the finest venison steak which one of the boys had killed, after which we all took a good smoke and lay down on our blankets and passed a quiet night.

Early the next morning we organized for the buffalo hunt. The plan was for five to go on the hunt and five to remain to guard the camp and horses that were left there, and after buffalo enough was killed, the five who remained in camp were to barbecue the best parts of the buffalo to carry back home with us.

When the pickets or guards that we had out came in, they reported thousands of buffalo within one half mile of the camp, so the first five boys started out to begin the fun, and after having gone around a small hill they began shooting, taking the buffalo on surprise, and they turned around the hill and came back within fifty yards of the camp. The boys at the camp commenced shooting and brought down three fine ones, and the boys on the hunt killed four, so we had on the first day more meat than we could haul home in a dozen wagons like we had. We spent the remainder of the day getting in the best parts of the buffalo we had killed and commenced to barbecue the meat to carry home. That night we had a conference and having found that we had already killed more buffalo than we could do anything with, all the boys having participated in the hunt, and having had such fine success in not coming in contact with the Indians, we decided to cook meat all night and get ready by noon the next day to start on our return trip and get as far as the Russell Ranch that night. The next morning after the hunt, the boys asked me how many buffalo I saw that day, I answered that I only saw one and he was big enough to cover the prairie as far as I could see. The men that visited the frontier of Texas during 1868 and 1869 saw sights in the way of wild game that they will never forget, and if I knew where another country is like that was then, I would start to it right now. We

broke camp at 1 P. M. and reached the Russell Ranch about sun down and camped about 100 yards from the Ranch. After we had put out our guards the boys detailed me to go to the ranch and see if we could get some milk. After supper I went to the house and found an old lady and two grown girls. The old lady told me that the family consisted of her two daughters and a grown son who had gone to the trading post for supplies. I got my milk and returned to camp but before I left, the girls and their mother asked me to come back and stay awhile with them, so I got the boys to let me take my turn at standing guard the latter part of the night and I went back to the house and had the time of my life. The oldest girl was a perfect brunette and the finest specimen of womanhood that I had ever beheld, and Cupid at once got out his arrows and sent one into the most vital part of my life. Just think of an 18-year-old boy looking at the first woman he ever loved. Her name was Lucy.

After I had stayed as long as I could, and got up to start, Lucy arose and stood right in front of me and told me that she had one request to make of me, and I told her I would grant it if it were possible for me to do so. She told me that she wanted me to persuade her brother to move back to the settlements; that they were in danger of being murdered by the Indians at any time. I told her that if I could meet her brother I would do my best to get him to move back to where there was no danger. As I spoke she stepped a little closer and put her hand on my shoulder, and as I looked into those jet black eyes with a tear in them, and beheld those quivering ruby lips, I don't see how I kept from caressing them—and I won't say that I didn't. You can just think what you would have done if you had been in my place. I bid them good night and told Lucy that I would run down in the morning and see if her brother had returned. The next morning I went to the house and the ladies all met me at the gate and I went in with them, so the boys at the camp could not see what took place when we got into the house. They told me Mr. Russell had not returned, and they wanted me to stay until he came, but I told them it was impossible for me to do so. I told them briefly about our buffalo hunt, and how

we had missed seeing any Indians, and that I had already planned to come back and take another hunt the next summer. Before I left I told Miss Lucy that, as she had made a request of me, that I had one to make of her. She came a little closer and asked me what it was. I told her that the Comanches had not captured me, but that she had, and as I said this, I saw two big tears coming from those black eyes, and I just reached down and brushed them away, but not with my handkerchief you may be sure. I then asked her if she was going to grant my request, and she said she would. I took her face in my hands, and sealed our troth with a kiss. I then told her that I must return to the camp or the boys would come after me. Just as I was in the act of leaving, the old lady spoke to me and said: "Young man, it is plain to me that you have captured my oldest daughter, and before you go I want you to give me some assurance that you are sincere in your words and actions." I said, "Mrs. Russell, I will give you my life if you require it." She took me by both hands and said, "God bless you, my son; we want you to return as soon as you can." When I got back to the camp the boys wanted to know what I had been doing to stay so long, and I told them that I had just been talking to that very interesting old lady. We started on our journey and arrived at home without any trouble. This was a most enjoyable trip, but the one that followed the next summer was when we had the great trouble and a hard battle with Comanche Indians. During the winter I received one letter from Lucy, but could not get another letter through, as the mails were very uncertain in those days. I looked forward to the early summer of 1869 for the next buffalo hunt, or rather to see and bring home my Lucy, which I fully expected to do.

About the first of June, 1869, we again organized for another buffalo hunt on the frontier. This time there were fifteen of us, and we had a better outfit, especially better guns and pistols, and it was well that we were better armed, for we sure did have to use them before we returned. During the fall and winter of 1868-69 there had been quite a lot of Indians depredations on the frontier. Many people had been murdered and houses had been burned and stock stolen. We traveled

about the same route that we went the year before, and when we reached Jacksboro we learned that during the light nights in January, 1869, the Comanche had murdered the Russell family, all except the young man, who was away from home. They killed Mrs. Russell and scalped her, burnt the house and carried the two girls off as captives and the Rangers that followed them on the old Comanche trail, about two miles from the Russell Ranch, found the body of Lucy scalped and left dead, the other girl was never heard from so far as I know. When I heard of the murder of the Russell family at Jacksboro, I was almost crazy, and determined then and there to have revenge. Up to this time I had never met the young Mr. Russell. At the time that we passed Jacksboro he was on the war-path seeking every opportunity to kill Comanche Indians. On this second trip we passed out as before, by the Russell ranch, and saw the remains of the old house where it had been burned. After passing the ranch on the Comanche trail, and about two or three miles from the ranch about 6 P. M. up the trail we saw an Indian about one half mile in front of us, and near the spot where the body of Lucy Russell was found. When we saw this Indian the boys wanted to give chase, but our leader said it was a decoy to lead us into a trap. The ridge where we saw the Indian was covered in most places with a thick growth of bushes, and to the left as a creek that led up towards where we saw the Indian. Our captain as quick as possible took ten of our men and left five with the wagon, and turned abruptly to the left and went up the creek. We saw some of the Indians in hiding expecting us to come in after the Indian that we had seen go in, so we completely surprised them from behind. We slipped along until we had gotten within about 100 yards of them, and then with our Colts revolvers we charged them. For a few minutes the hottest battle raged that was ever fought on the frontier of Texas, but we soon put them to route, killing two and wounding others, and had only one man in our outfit wounded. After we routed them at every opportunity, until it began to get dusk. Just as we passed out of the head of the creek after them, going at full speed. my horse snorted and jumped

to the right and as I threw my head back I saw something under some bushes near an old dead mesquite tree. I thought it was an Indian. When it began to get too dark to chase them further, and the boys halted to get in shape to return, I told them that we had another dead Indian back on the trail, and told them that I could find him by the old dead mesquite tree, so we started back on the trail. The wind was blowing from the south, the direction we were going, and after we had gone some distance my horse began to snort. I got down and gave the bridle to one of the boys, took my winchester with a bullet in the barrel and my finger on the trigger and went along until I could skylight the old dead tree and when I got up closer I could see an object lying under the bushes, I turned my gun on it and walked up to within three feet of it, still holding my gun ready for action, for I had been told that dead Indians would fight. Finally I kicked it with my foot and it did not move, so I took hold of it, and when I pulled it out I found that it was an Indian's shield made from the thickest of buffalo hides and in the shape of an old fashion bread tray, with two covers of finely painted deer skin and with a white woman's scalp on it worked with beads. The scalp was about as large as a small saucer, stretched open with a small hoop of wood and the hair was about 18 inches long, plaited and hung down to the bottom of the shield. Inside where it had not faded you could tell that it was jet black. This was placed on the inside of the shield where the two loops were that the Indian put his arm through to hold it. Some of our bullets had cut the loops which had caused it to fall, and there was also fresh blood on it. The minute I found this scalp on the shield it flashed through my mind that it was Lucy Russell's scalp. The time it looked to have been killed, the color of the hair, the length of the hair, and the trail on which it was captured all corroborated, and convinced me at once that it was my Lucy Russell's scalp, but I kept this all to myself. We returned, met our wagon and dressed our wounded man's arm, which was a slight wound, went down to the first water hole and camped, put out our guards and spent

the night. The next morning we went to the battle ground where we had fought the Indians, and as I rode down the creek on the battle ground I saw a bloody trail leading up the hill into the thick brush. I dismounted, gave my horse to one of the boys and followed the trail. As I came near the thick brush I saw something move in the thicket. I dropped down on my knee, raised my gun, and as I did I saw an Indian putting an arrow in his bow. I fired and struck him between the eyes. He gave a groan and rolled over. The boys came and we pulled him out and found that he had gunshot wounds in the stomach. This made three that we killed in this fight. When we got back to camp we decided we would abandon the buffalo hunt, as we had one man wounded and the Indians were so bad, which decision suited me exactly, as my business now was to hunt up Mr. Russell and find out the facts about the murder of his family. We broke camp and went to Jacksboro. There I made inquiry about the Russell family and was told that Mr. Russell was at Weatherford. The next morning we started out and as our route home left Weatherford about forty miles to the right, I told the boys that I wanted to go by Weatherford to see an uncle of mine who lived there, but in fact I wanted to find Mr. Russell, so I packed my horse and started out to make the forty mile ride by myself, taking my shield with me. My uncle, Rev. W. G. Parsons, had a little store there and I went straight to it and found that Mr. Russell had been there but had gone back to Young county, I hung up my shield in my uncle's store and started out to hunt him up. and ran across some cow men gathering a herd of beeves to take to Kansas, and I stopped with them and stayed two days. The very day that I left Weatherford Mr. Russell came in and found the shield that I had left there and claimed it as his sister's scalp. My uncle told him who it belonged to, and he at once set out to hunt me as my uncle told him about the route I was going to travel. In the evening of the second day he came to the herd of cattle that I was with and inquired for me and they told him that I was out helping to guard some horses and he came straight to me. When I saw him coming I knew who he was, yet I had

never seen him. He rode up and got down and asked me if my name was Allen, then he told me his name was Russell, and asked me if I was the man that captured the shield that was in my uncle's store. I told him that I was, and I asked him what his sister's name was, and he said Lucy. He told me that Lucy had told him about me, and what had passed between us. Then we both shed tears because we could not help it. I then told him that I had stayed to get revenge, and that I had already helped to take three Comanche scalps, and after I went home I was coming back early in the spring and stay in Young, Jack, Parker and Palo Pinto counties until I scalped more Indians for the murder of the girl that was so dear to me. After we had talked over our troubles we parted with the understanding that I was to come back early in 1870 and would make my headquarters in Young county, which I considered the paradise of Texas.

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The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

The Paint Creek Fight

Somewhere near the middle of June, 1860 my father, John R. Baylor; his brother, Geo. Wythe Baylor; my oldest brother, John W. Baylor; a negro man of my father's and myself, were on Hubbard's Creek hunting cattle. Early one morning a messenger came to us, informing us of the killing of Joseph Browning and the wounding of his brother, Frank, by a large band of Indians. After a few hours of fast riding we reached the Browning ranch, which was on Hubbard's Creek near its mouth. Upon arriving we learned that the body of Josephus Browning had just been brought home and upon examination showed thirty ghastly wounds and besides he had been scalped and very likely was scalped while alive. Frank Browning was seriously wounded, having been shot through the chest three times. As the arrows were shot into him, he would pull them through and cast them on the ground. He got away simply by being able to outrun the Indians.

On the day of the killing these two young men had gone out to ride among their cattle. At noon they stopped to let their ponies graze. They had hobbled and unbridled them and were themselves quietly resting under a shade when suddenly they heard the sound of approaching horsemen. Upon looking, they saw a band of Indians rapidly approaching them. The young men ran for their horses, hurriedly bridled them and cut the hobbles. By that time the Indians were right at them. Josephus Browning cut the hobbles in such a way that his horse tripped, so the Indians overtook and killed him in a short distance from where he started to run. Frank made his escape wounded, as before stated.

Shortly after our arrival at the Browning ranch, a pursuing party was disused. Several men agreed to go as soon as they could get ready. John R. Baylor was selected to take charge of the situation and advised the men that immediate pursuit of the Indians was not advisable, that the Indians would keep some of

their number on the lookout at all times for a day or two and if no pursuing party was seen by them they would feel safe and become careless and our chance for a killing would be greatly enhanced. "Get all the powder you can, mould plenty of bullets and come to the Dawson Ranch in three days," said Capt. Baylor.

We then left the Browning ranch and went to the Dawson ranch on the Clear Fork. For about two days, my brother, J. W. Baylor, and myself engaged in moulding bullets, which was rather a slow process, as the mould only made one bullet at a time. At the end of the two days we had quite a pile of what afterwards proved to be missiles of death. I did not kill any Indians, but if I were to claim I did there are few now to dispute my claim. I was a party to the crime, however, if crime it was, for I had heroically moulded bullets in the hot June sun, to be used in killing the Indians.

On the morning of the third day after the Browning killing there came to the Dawson Ranch for the purpose of pursuing the Indians, Elias Hale, Min. Wright and Tom Stockton. There were already at the Dawson ranch John R. Baylor, George Wythe Baylor and John Dawson. The pursuing party then consisted of these six men. John R. Baylor was chosen captain and a start was made to find the trail of the Indians, which was found and trailed all that day. Dark came on and our party reached the Clear Fork, a few miles above Camp Cooper, where camp was made. On scouting around the next morning to find the trail it was discovered that the Baylor party camped near where the Indians had. It was also discovered that the Indians had a picket cut at a convenient high point which made it evident that any earlier pursuit of them would have been void of results.

In scouting for the trail, George Wythe Baylor found the scalp of Josephus Browning which the Indians had lost. The scalp was returned and buried in the grave with Browning's body. The trail was finally found and on this day

while trailing, our little party saw six water fowls standing in line, five of them white and one blue. Some one remarked: "They are exactly our number." Captain Baylor said to the party: "You see there is one blue bird. That is a sign we are going to have one man wounded." The prophecy proved true. John Dawson was slightly wounded in the fight. The next few days were spent in trailing. On the fourth day of pursuit, our party found some meat piled in a ravine and noted that the Indians who had left it had gone North. Capt. Baylor decided he had found a good place to await developments. He decided some would be coming after the meat before long. There was a splendid view for some distance in the direction the Indians had gone and our party could not be seen because of the ravine.

Horses being tired, bridles were removed in order for them to graze while a strict watch was being kept for the return of the Indians. Suddenly the horses raised their heads and looked Southward. Upon looking, our party saw two Indians coming around the hill. Horses were eagerly sought, bridled and mounted, ready for battle. The Indians seemed to discover they were not among their friends and started on a run for their lives. They were chased, overtaken and both killed. The first was killed by Captain Baylor and the other by George W. Baylor. Captain Baylor was riding his horse, "Belton." After the Indians were killed, the word was, "If killing is your game, here's at you." Later on the same day a band of Indians was sighted, charged and a most desperate fight took place in which two Indians were killed and several wounded, who escaped. Indians seemed to be plentiful and there certainly was plenty of sign, such as horse tracks, camp fires and slaughtered animals.

Captain Baylor decided, since Indians were so plentiful, that there must be a large body of them in the neighborhood, and if his little party should encounter a large body that it might be wiped off the earth, so it was decided that the best thing to do was to start for home.

We had not gone far and were rejoicing over our success and not expecting to see any more Indians, when George Baylor who was riding ahead, while the other men were driving the horses they

had captured, looking ahead, saw a large bunch of horses driven by six Indians. He at once stopped the horses and told the party what was just ahead. All made ready for a fight and they were not disappointed. Before them was the hardest fight of all. The Indians came leisurely along, talking and laughing, and on looking up they were greatly astonished to see six white men between themselves and their horses. They broke to run and our little party followed them, keeping between the Indians and the horses. Finally the Indians halted; our men did the same; some of the Indians dismounted. Then there were six Indians against six cow boys. The fight was opened by Captain Baylor whose first shot wounded an Indian, but not seriously. Another Indian who seemed to be a chief, who had only a lance, thinking Capt. Baylor's gun empty, charged toward him, but as Baylor stood still with his gun pointed toward the Indian, the Indian whirled and as he did so, Baylor fired. The Indian was badly wounded. He said something to another Indian who sprang up behind him and held him on the horse. Capt. Baylor put in another shot at them as they fled.

While this was happening, the other men were doing good work. George W. Baylor had crippled two Indians and Minn Wright had got one just under the eye and dropped him in his tracks. There were two others fighting desperately, fighting worthy of a better cause. They fought until they were riddled with bullets. Every one of the Baylor party fired several shots at these Indians and all had an interest in killing them. The Indians fought desperately, but for what did they fight? Simply to save themselves some fifty head of horses they had stolen. As I have said before, a Comanche would steal your horse and fight you to the death over him.

After the battle was over, it being known that several wounded Indians must be hiding, they were searched for, found and dispatched. Bows, arrows, shields, a lance and other trophies were gathered, including the Indian horses. Several of the horses showed signs of George Baylor's shot-gun and several had arrows in them which had been intended for the white men. Two or three of the horses were killed and a

few others mortally wounded.

About the time all was in readiness to start on the homeward journey our little party discovered a large band of Indians, about forty, having with them several hundred head of horses. A council was at once held and an account of ammunition was taken and it was found that ammunition was low. It was decided that it would not be wise to attack so large a body of Indians with plenty of ammunition and certainly not with such a small supply as we had left. The logical thing to do was to save whatever we had, our scalps included.

A hurried start was made for Camp Cooper which was safely reached the next day, where our party supplied themselves with ammunition. Captain Baylor reported to the officer in command at Cooper what he had done and what he had seen. A scouting party was sent out, but neither the Indians nor large body of horses was encountered, but four dead Comanches the Baylor party had failed to find and pay their respects to were found by the scouting party.

There were six Comanches in the east bunch our little party fought and five of them were killed in the fight, and if one of the four dead ones found by the scouts was the sixth, then all six of them were killed.

In the fight above mentioned, George W. Baylor had the shot-gun which Mr. Cassidy gave Capt. Baylor and five of the Indians killed bore evidence on their bodies that they had been within range of this old "Cassiday," as we called the gun, and besides bows were injured, bow strings and arrows shot in two and rendered useless; one bow was split wide open from top to bottom, and he it known that the first Indian killed was overtaken by old "Belton", and Capt. Baylor was riding him.

If the death of a valuable citizen can be avenged by the death of any number of Comanches, then the death of young, brave Josephus Browning was at least in part avenged.

One of the Indians killed had the scalp of a white woman dangling from his shield. The scalp showed a beautiful auburn hair. The scalp had been trimmed around the edge with beads of different colors and showed prominently on the shield. This same Indian had a large

silver decoration which he fastened to his hair and let hang down his back. This silver was later made into two belt buckles by Bell, of San Antonio, one for John R. Baylor and one for George Wythe Baylor, which are still in the families and highly prized.

This Indian, whoever and whatever he was among his people, may have killed and scalped many white women and children too. He doubtless helped to kill, scalp and wound the Brownings. But after he fought six Texas cow boys, in June, 1860, he never killed any one else.

This fight was always known as the "Paint Creek Fight," and considering the number of whites and that no one of the white men was seriously injured makes this by long odds the most successful Indian fight ever fought on the northern frontier of Texas.

In a few days after the return of Capt. Baylor and his men, a big barbecue was given in honor of them. The entire neighborhood turned out, anxious to hear about the fight and see the proof of the number of Indians killed. Capt. Baylor gave them the details of the various fights and exhibited the bows, arrows, shields, lances and other proofs of the number killed.

In due time an owner was found for the horses and they were taken away, to our great relief, as they were a great care as we had to corral them at night and herd them during the day to keep the Indians from stealing them.

In a few days after the barbecue just mentioned, Capt. Baylor, G. O. Baylor, my eldest brother, J. W. Baylor and myself bundled up the Indian trophies to take them to Weatherford. In a few days after arriving at Weatherford, a big ball was given at the court house. Before the dance begun, a rope was stretched across the court house and all the Indian paraphernalia was fastened to the rope and the dance went merrily on.

A short time afterwards, a barbecue was given at Palo Pinto and great rejoicing was in evidence everywhere, and Capt. Baylor and his men were decidedly the men of the hour. The news of their success spread all over Texas and from all quarters came the cry: "Exterminate the Indians."

Not one of the men who took part in the Indian fight I have mentioned is living. Of the persons who were camped

on Hubbard's Creek, when the news of the killing and the wounding of the Brownings came to them, I am the sole survivor.

I know of but one person now living excepting myself, who was on the Clear Fork and was at the barbecue given to Capt. Baylor and his men. One of them is George T. Reynolds, a noble son of Texas, and the other is R. E. Tackitt of Estelline, Hall County, Texas, recently deceased.

Writing of those events on this the 20th day of June, 1922, looking backwards, I see that just sixty years ago, on this day, the first Indians were killed in the Paint Creek fight. The others were killed on June 21st, 1860. The Paint Creek fight took place in what is now Haskell county.

I lived amongst scenes, such as I have been describing, for six consecutive years, saw many times the work of the bloody scalping knife and heard the savage war whoop; saw men and women who had been killed and scalped.

The events of those days are indelibly impressed upon my mind and are as plain before my eyes today as though they happened but yesterday.

Concerning the dance at the court house at Weatherford, under what people would call the evidence of death, we did not consider it the evidence of death but the evidence of victory over a lot of human hyenas, who for years had been killing and scalping innocent little children and helpless women. Yes, on that night Weatherford, a little village of some three hundred souls, had gathered there, her beauty and her chivalry, and the dance went on until a late hour.

Few are left who attended that ball. Hon. A. J. Bell of Dallas attended, as did Mrs. Ann Roach, Mrs R. E. Bell and Mrs. Gus Bell of Weatherford; also did many others, all of whom were the very salt of the earth.

"THE TRAIL DRIVERS OF TEXAS, compiled and edited by J. Marvin Hunter, under direction of Geo. W. Saunders, president of the Old Trail Drivers' Association. Two volumes, 500 pages each. Price \$3.00 per single volume, or \$5.00 for the two volumes. Postpaid. Send all orders to George W. Saunders, Union Stock Yards, San Antonio, Texas.

FIGHT WITH MEXICAN LYNX.

(From Page 16.)

though he were shot. By this time old Beaver was up, and had come to my rescue. Approaching to the back of the lynx, the dog gripped the neck of the lynx, and I knew the dog well enough to know that he was in for a life and death struggle. The animal, somewhat recovering from the blow I had given him, fought ferociously but the dog never relinquished his hold. The pup stood off at a good distance, and "rooted" for the dog, by barking as loud and fast as he could. Fearing the lynx would get the best of the dog, I ran to the tree where I had dropped my knife and pole, untied the dagger strings, and seizing the knife in my hand ran back to the scene of combat. Watching my chance, I plunged the knife almost to the part of the handle that remained, into the head of the lynx, just back of one ear. I saw the animal weakening, and knew that my faithful dog was gaining the victory. Soon the lynx lay prostrated before me, and the dog, badly bleeding, stood by his side, panting, and occasionally looking up at me, with an expression of victory on his canine face.

I skinned the lynx and took his head and hide home as trophies of my chase.

Seeing the animal was very full, I cut him open to see what he had been eating, and found three whole turkey feet in his stomach.

Beaver became very weak from the loss of blood, before I reached home. My father, bound up the dog's wounds, and turning to me said, "Don't you ever risk a thing like that again."

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Over the Old Chisholm Trail

By W. J. Morris of Austin, in San Antonio Express, Dec. 21, 1924.

On April 6, 1882, myself and a young man by the name of James Holden, a boyhood friend of mine, joined a cow outfit near Buda, Hays county, Texas, about 15 miles south of Austin. Ike T. Pryor had contracted 6,000 head of stock cattle to be delivered to parties at Ogalalla, Nebraska. The cattle were cut into two herds and driven overland the entire distance, the country being open, with abundance of fine grass. One herd was under the supervision of Ocie Cato; the other driven by James Kingsbury. Holden and myself were with Cato's outfit. By way of explanation will say that all bunches of cattlemen were called an outfit. Our outfit consisted of 15 men all told, whose duties were as follows:

First the boss, who had charge of the outfit; 12 men to handle the cattle, one man to look after the remuda (Spanish for horse herd), or horses; and one cook. We had a large wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen which was for the accommodation of our provisions, cooking utensils, bedding, etc., and driven by the cook. We received a monthly salary of \$45 and board, each man furnishing his saddle, bedding, etc. To each of us was allotted seven horses as our mounts. These horses were ridden very hard and as they were fed no grain, only getting grass, one would think they could not have stood the work, but as we only rode each horse every sixth day, they were always in good condition. Each man picked the best horse he had to be used for a "night horse," for the rider's life often depends on the sure-footedness of his horse. Before retiring at night to our pallet on the ground we saddled our night horses, tying them close by ready to mount at a minute's notice.

The remuda which consisted of about 100 horses, was driven in day time a short distance in front of the cattle and never allowed to become mixed with the cattle.

After we had gotten out of the thickly settled counties, the horses were driven some distance from the cattle and turned loose for the night. The man who looked after the remuda and known as horse wrangler, held an important posi-

tion, and was usually filled by one who was familiar with the habits of horses.

Taking a northwesterly course, we soon left behind the thickly settled counties and found ourselves in the Panhandle of Texas, a most beautiful country, with its level prairies, covered with fine grass, the cattle gaining flesh each day. We were now on the old Chisholm cow trail, passing through Throckmorton, Baylor and Wilbarger Counties. Crossing Red River at Doan's Store, we passed over into the Indian Territory, and here the trail ran up the valley of the north fork of the Red River, passing through a gap in the Washita Mountains. We could see these mountains for several days before reaching them as they rose to considerable height and resembled hay stacks on a level lot, the earth being level right up to their base. Shortly after entering into the Indian Territory, Quanah Parker, chief of the Comanche Indians, came to our camp with a couple of his men. They were dressed in U. S. regular clothes, but all had their hair plaited in two braids hanging down their backs.

Quanah Parker, although a half breed white man, had all the earmarks of a full blood Indian and looked to be about 40 years old. He was tall, broad-shouldered and as straight as an arrow. His people gave us trouble, and after passing through that part of the country occupied by the Comanches we came to that part of the Indian Territory occupied by the Kiowas, of which Lone Wolf was chief. Lone Wolf was a stout pot-bellied Indian, and he was all the the name implied for he was as mean as a wolf. He ate dinner with us, and after eating his fill demanded a beef. I shall never forget his words, addressing Cato he said: "Injun wants a Woha," "Woha," in Indian, meaning beef. Cato told him nix. He got on his horse and left the camp. In about 30 minutes some 50 of his warriors on horseback came running and yelling into our camp and they demanded in strong terms a beef. Cato saw what he was up against with only 15 poorly-armed men, and he gave them a beef. Cato knew if he incurred their enmity they would return at night and

stampede our cattle, which would enable them under cover of darkness to get several hundred head. The Indians all knew Cato as he had passed through their country each spring for several years, all addressing him as "How Keto"

About sunset the cattle are bedded on a smooth even piece of ground, by rounding them up into a compact bunch; they soon lie down to rest and if nothing disturbs them will lie quietly until about midnight when all get up, and after a short time lie down on the other side. The men at night are divided into four watches of two men, who ride around the sleeping cattle, each going in an opposite direction, passing each other every few minutes, and are required to sing or whistle as the cattle soon learn to know the men are about them and not as easily frightened or stampeded.

Cattle seldom stampede in clear weather, but great care must be exercised in rainy weather, and if the men on guard see a storm or rain coming up, go at once and wake the boss who arouses all the men. Soon all the men are riding around the cattle singing and trying to keep them from getting frightened. When the rain and thunder begins the cattle all get to their feet and become restless. The men now realize they may stampede at any minute. As the storm rages the men ride faster and sing louder around the cattle. When the cattle stampede all run at the same instant, in the same direction, breaking legs and horns of many in their mad rush. The men must be careful not to get mixed with the cattle while they are running as they would trample both horse and rider to death. During a stampede the rider must trust to his horse for he can see objects in the dark much better than his rider.

The trail, as it was commonly called, was composed of many small paths, running parallel to each other making a road or trail a couple of hundred yards in width. Thousands of cattle passing over the trail each day killed all vegetation, keeping the ground worked up into a fine dust and looking at a herd being driven at a distance one could only see a great cloud of dust rising to the heavens.

About sunrise the cattle are allowed to begin to feed, grazing along near the trail, always headed in the direction in

which they are to go. They are allowed to feed about two hours and then are turned into the trail. They get so accustomed to what is expected of them they seldom leave the roadway, but keep walking to about noon when they are again allowed to feed. While the herd is being driven the men ride along near the cattle, the men being some distance apart hallowing and urging them along, with two men in the rear punching up the drags.

Strange to say, the cattle that were in the lead when we started were the lead cattle the entire trip, they being composed of large steers and cows much stronger than the balance of the herd.

The cook is the first one in camp to arise in the morning; he is up before daylight, and as the first streaks of dawn appear he wakes the men who are scattered about the camp rolled up in their blankets on the ground. When the men are up and ready for breakfast the cook announces in a loud voice "grub pile," meaning breakfast is ready. Then all gather around each man getting his tin plate, knife fork, and tin cup, seat themselves on the ground in a circle, the cook passing by serves each with food and coffee. No one is allowed in any way to molest the cook's pots and pans but if he wishes more must ask for it. Cowmen are good providers for their men and the men are well fed. The outdoor living gives all a fine appetite and all are happy and contented with but little discord.

Cattle in large herds are driven about 12 miles per day.

In passing through the Indian Territory I am sure we did not see a house for 200 miles. All this country is now in nice farms, as we passed through about where now stands the flourishing little city of Hobart.

Passing out of the Indian Territory we entered into Kansas, traveling through a fine prairie country covered with abundance of fine grass. Upon our arrival at Wolf Creek we camped for several days; here the grass was exceptionally fine. From Wolf Creek we journeyed on to Dodge City, at that time the meeting place for many cowmen. Here Mr. Pryor came to our camp, this being the first time we had seen him since leaving Austin. After leaving Dodge City we passed on through Kan-

sas and into Nebraska. We swam many swollen streams from excessive rains, which is a dangerous undertaking, but you cannot afford to wait, so must cross them as you find them. Cattle do not like to enter a swollen stream. We would force a few into the water and head them for the opposite bank, the rest would then follow. In swimming these swollen rivers we would remain in wet clothing until the sun and warmth of our bodies would dry them. I have seen men stay in their saddles for three days and nights when raining, with only time to eat, and strange to say we never had a man seriously sick with the exception of my friend, Holden, mentioned in the outset, who became sick just after starting, returning to his mother's home near Pecan Spring where he died of measles.

In the summer we arrived at Ogallala, Nebraska, where we turned our cattle over to the parties to whom they were contracted. We stayed in Ogallala for several days, bought new clothing, had our hair cut and could hardly recognize each other for we had been for five months on the road with but little attention to our personal appearance.

Mr. Cato soon afterward moved with his family to Miles City, Montana, where he remained in the cattle business, and in later years he was elected by his people as State senator, a position he filled with credit to himself and his people. About five years ago Mr. Cato returned to his old home at Austin, where he died. And I wish to state that no more honorable man ever rode the prairies of Texas than he, being kind and considerate of all with whom he came in contact.

Of the 15 men in our outfit I know of but one now living besides myself, that being Charles Kluge of Austin, Texas.

I have never talked with any old trail man that when the grass rises in the spring he does not again wish to hit the trail, but, alas the grass is gone and cattle must now be shipped by rail if delivered to far-away markets.

Capt. J. B. Gillet's thrilling book "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," and Frontier Times one year, together, for \$3.00. Only a limited number at this low price. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Happy New Year, Despite—

The following New Year's greeting was sent to his friends last year by President Griffith of the State Bank of Terrell, Texas.

Thirty years ago we remember when eggs were 5 cents a dozen; butter was 10 cents a pound; milk was 10 cents a gallon; the butcher gave away liver and treated the kids with bologna; the hired girl received \$2 a week and did the washing. When women did not powder and paint (in public), smoke, vote, play poker or shake the shimie.

Men wore whiskers and boots, chewed tobacco, spit on the side walks and cussed. Beer was 5 cents a glass and the lunch free. Laborers worked ten hours a day and never went on strike. No tips were given the waiters, and the hat check grafter was unknown. A kerosene hanging lamp and a stereoscope in the parlor were luxuries.

No one was ever operated on for appendicitis or bought glands. Microbes were unheard of; folks lived to a good old age, and every year walked miles to wish their friends a Merry Christmas.

Today, you know, everybody rides in automobiles or flies, plays golf, shoots craps, plays the piano with their feet, goes to the movies nightly, smokes cigarettes, drinks corn juice, blames the high cost of living on their neighbors, never go to bed the same day they get up, and think they are having a hell of a time.

These are the days of suffragettes profiteering, rent hogs, excess taxes and prohibition. If you think life is worth living, I wish you a Happy New Year.

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Raid by Mexicans in 1875

Corpus Christi Caller, Dec. 22, 1912.

There are some of the old-timers in Corpus Christi that hate to talk of the early days. There's a reason. There are men and women in that city who have suffered, for themselves and their children, untold atrocities at the hands of the early Mexican raiders, marauders, robbers and murderers that infested every section of the once disputed territory, and before the days when Uncle Sam was in position to extend his protectorate over this section some awful deeds are recorded.

Long after the Civil War cloud had passed over the head of the nation the territory lying between Victoria and Brownsville was open to loot. True there was a law, and the enforcement of the law was rigid, the penalties severe—when the offender was caught. Oftimes there was not much of a trial. Guilt was generally brazen. Men, either good men and true, or criminals, were hard. Criminals from choice—good men from necessity. Men scorned to skulk behind technicality. They were "guilty or not guilty."

Men knew that penalties were severe. There were no lingering methods. For that reason, if a man chose the wayward path he usually made things lively in his section of the "woods" for the time being, realizing that when caught there would be the "short shift at the long end of the rope."

Several Mexican raids have been recorded. They were of greater or less importance according to the locality in which they were staged. In the year 1875 one raid is of peculiar significance, and before it was finished practically fifty people had been taken prisoners by the Mexicans, but only two or three killed. The rest were turned loose after hours of mental anguish.

There is one instance recorded of an old lady who is alive to this day, being caught by a gang of Mexicans and Indians, stripped her of her clothing, and initiated in the mysteries of the Indian tribe. On account of some jealousies that sprang up between the Indians and Mexicans, the sacred rites were annulled, also the ceremony of adoption, and she was returned to her people, still minus

her clothing. Aside from the rather embarrassing undress procedure she suffered no other indignities.

But the story which follows, told by Thomas Noakes, is still fresh in the memory of many people still living in this section. It is a remarkably well preserved story, this being due to the fact that M. Noakes wrote an account of it in his diary directly after it happened. It has been published in part, before. It follows:

"I and my boys had worked very hard up to the day before completing fences making a small field to cultivate, and a pasture which I intended to plant to Bermuda grass. This, together with the bridge over the gully west of my place, and the wharf and warehouse on the river, finished the plans that I had made ten years ago, with the additional satisfaction of knowing that everything was paid for. And we had pinched ourselves up to this time in our domestic affairs, to enable us to carry out our plans, I now concluded that for the future we could afford to live and eat generally in a more liberal manner than had been our wont and hope to get some little enjoyment out of life. Such enjoyment, however was never to be ours, as by sundown the same evening everything in and about the house, store and warehouse, everything we valued in this world except our lives, was wiped out, gone, and as the day had been warm we were but half clad, and the children without shoes, and no home to shelter us or food to eat.

"After finishing my letters, I made up the mail in readiness for the carrier who was about due, when a man named Smith came to the store for some flour and while in the act of handing him a parcel over the counter, I saw three Mexicans ride up and fasten their horses to the rack in front of the store and excitedly approach the door, heavily armed. I said nothing to Smith of the circumstances, but walked hastily to the sitting room at the back of the store to get my Winchester rifle, thinking things looked shaky. I had, no sooner gotten my rifle in my hand when Smith came rushing into the room closely followed

by a savage looking Mexican who had his gun in an attitude to shoot Smith, but immediately on seeing me brought it around on me, but before he could shoot my bullet had perforated his chest and knocked all the fight out of him. In the meantime Smith had escaped out of a door opposite the one by which he had entered the room, and my wife passing in as he went out, was with me in the room. Seeing the wounded Mexican could shoot no more, I made ready for the next to follow him. Having seen but three Mexicans I felt no apprehension as to my being able to cope with that number and expected that when they heard the firing they would come to the assistance of their comrade, but none coming, I stepped to the door leading into the store to see where they were and taking aim at the fellow nearest me when my attention was attracted by a great number of Mexicans outside the front of the store. There appeared to me to be at least a hundred.

"Realizing at once that I was overpowered (for one man cannot with much hope of success, fight a hundred) I did not fire, but turned expecting to see my wife in the room, but she was nowhere to be found, and the doors and windows looking from three sides of the room where I was all being open, and the Mexicans taking up positions so as to surround us, I was compelled to avail myself of a trap-door through the floor, by which I passed into trench enabling me to pass from one part of the house to another, and thus get into any room I wanted to without being exposed to sight. I found Smith, who, crawling under the house at the back, had found the trench. He was very excited and I advised him to stay where he was and keep quiet and I would go to the front of the house and see if there was any chance to fight them off when, if I saw he could do any good with it, I would furnish him with a pistol. Excited as he was he was best without one.

"On reaching the trench from which I could see the crowd out in front of the store, I noticed several Americans held as prisoners. Among them was a person named Lane, another Dunn, and one Nelson, and I came to the conclusion that the Mexicans meant to take all the prisoners they could from among the Americans, and, as soon as they were

through robbing, have the enjoyment of a general massacre, a la Peniscal, I determined at once that I would not be taken alive, so passed back to a place where I could command the store with my rifle, but to my consternation I found my wife in the store, surrounded by the raiders, and two of them placed in such a way, with cocked pistols, that any shot that should be fired from any unseen party, would be retaliated on her by one of the fiends. Consequently, to resume firing was only to insure her being shot, and I had to remain inactive while my wife was trying to persuade them not to carry out the threat of taking me to the burning house. Several times after they had lighted a fire in the store my wife put it out, the first time by throwing a pitcher of water on it.

"I now noticed that Smith had left the trench and hearing shots from the direction in which he must have gone, knew that he was shot down by the guards placed to keep us from leaving the house. I could now hear the roar of fire over my head, and to remain longer was certain death and my only chance lay in shooting down the Mexican who guarded the back of the house and escape in the smoke. When I reached the end of the trench from which to put my design into operation, my wife called to me that the Mexicans were not there and now was my only chance to leave alive, she helped me through a hole through the fence by which to escape. When I left her she was getting a feather bed out of the house and in spite of the impending danger I could not but feel amused at such a notion as getting out a bed while thousands of other articles, in my estimation, would have had the preference.

"I expected every minute to be fired upon and in such a case had made up my mind to lie flat and return the fire, but I was allowed to turn the corner of the fence without molestation and by keeping along the other angle of the fence I reached a point where to go farther I had to pass open ground where I should be seen. I concluded to remain and see it out. I passed by Smith soon after leaving the house. He was lying on his face and covered with blood and I thought dead. The Mexicans not seeing me leave boasted they had burned me with the house, as was their intention.

"When I reconnoitered from my trench the crowd in front of my store, I noticed the mail rider among the prisoners. They took him as he came up to deliver his mail and he was not allowed to perform his duty, but he and both of his horses were carried off by them, together with the mail bags.

"From the numerous murders and deeds that had been reported within the last two years, I deemed it necessary to be well prepared for such an emergency whenever my time came, I always having had a presentiment it would come, I had used all my spare time in making preparations for the event and gone to great expense. In planning the trench I had shaped it so that a person in it was perfectly safe from shots from the outside, and I reached it from the outside, and I reached it from three trap doors, one in the front of my bed, one by my desk in the store, and another from a room beside the store, and it led to a way of escape at the back of the house, which saved my life. A trench also led to the cellar to the front of the new stoop.

"At the trap door in the side room I could reach the top of the house by means of a hidden ladder and in the top of the house I kept a needle gun with five hundred rounds of ammunition, and I had to the best of my recollection, sixteen improved pistols and fifty boxes of cartridges about the house, I considered myself alone capable of fighting off twelve or fifteen men and had determined never to surrender it to a force no larger.

"My wife tells me that when she left the house, as she ran down the hill towards the river, the two Mexicans who had shot Smith rode after her and were preparing to shoot at her, but she begged them to spare her for the sake of her baby, and they let her go.

"Early in the attack my wife had given the baby to my little daughter and her brother, both together being hardly able to carry the smallest, telling them to carry him away as quickly as they could, and the three had about reached very nearly the point where the Mexicans shot Smith and were witnesses of the deed and from what they saw became so horrified that they fell to the ground incapable of moving. In the meantime the two elder boys, who had

been on the river and knew nothing of what was going on, suspected something was wrong at the house, having seen the Mexicans shoot down Smith, caught sight of the little ones and seeing them fall came to their rescue. And all agreed that while crossing the flats the five were fired at by the Mexicans, and one of the shots intended for Smith nearly hit Grace, the little girl. The children reached the river and crossed in the skiff, where my wife joined them some time later.

"As soon as darkness set in the Mexicans turned loose all of their prisoners except the mail-rider and two or three others, among whom was W. A. Ball, our justice of the peace, whom I afterwards learned they took with them some distance before they allowed him to escape. As soon as the Mexicans were gone I went to Smith, whom I found alive, but with so many bullet holes in him that death seemed inevitable. I now met my wife who told me that the children were all safe, which made me feel very grateful. Smith was lying about one hundred yards from the house and praying for water. I went to the place where the house had stood with the idea of getting water, but of course everything was gone or red hot, and I could not find anything that would even hold water. While I was hunting for something in which to carry water, two men, strangers, rode up to the fire on the other side and one of them requested me to approach the fence, and as soon as I was close to him he demanded my rifles at the same time covering me with his six-shooter and threatening to kill me unless I complied with his demands.

"Not dreaming of such conduct from a white man I was totally unprepared and he could have shot me before I refused his request, saying that I needed the rifle for my own and family's protection. However, as he insisted that he could do more good with it than I could, as he was going in pursuit of the Mexicans I gave the rifle to him on his promise that he would return it, but, poor fellow, in less than an hour he was dead, and only through luck I recovered the rifle, which was picked up near his body by F. Sims. The person who took the rifle was named Swanks, I was told and was at the front during the pursuit of the Mexicans and was report-

ed at the time to have been killed by them. He was a brave man and it was a pity there was no more like him.

"I now returned to Smith, who would not let me leave him although I had no hat or clothes to keep me warm. After a while Nesties brought a cart and took him away.

"Then we hunted up the little ones, who were by this time huddled together under a fence near the ruins, crying and half-witted from fright. Marie had luckily pulled the running gear of the light wagon out of reach of the flames and we now took the hind wheels and mustered up all of our possessions, which consisted of a bed, a blanket and a quilt, which Marie had carried out while the house was burning. With these and the sewing machine and the five little ones we started down the hill

to the warehouse I had recently built on the river, and in the darkness took possession of the only home we ever owned. Three days before the warehouse had been full of flour, meal, coffee, sugar and groceries and I had worked hard to get it all up to the store just in time to get it burned. Now we had not so much as a bite of bread.

"While the house was burning I had to stand and watch from my retreat by the fence the huge tongues of flames shoot heavenward, knowing they were licking up the fruits of ten years toil and everything, except ourselves, that I valued in the world, yet I never experienced so maddening a feeling as that which came over me when I first realized the fact that my children were crying for the want of a roof to cover them because of those blood thirsty fiends."

The Bickel Family Murdered

(Contributed by Alex Brinkmann, of Comfort Texas.)

Boerne, Texas, Aug. 30, 1868.—Last night a most fiendish and brutal murder was committed within four miles of our usually quiet town. Mr. Bickel, Miss Bickel, Mr. Spangenberg and a three-year old child were brutally murdered and mutilated. Each victim had the throat cut. A small boy of twelve years escaped to the home of his neighbor, Mr. Zoeller. The boy says that Mexicans committed the crime, but he also thinks that two of the six fiends might be white men. The manner in which this foul murder was perpetrated is as follows:

Mr. Bickel, an honest old farmer and the head of a family, was called from his house by one of these hell-hounds. As he stepped out of the door on to his porch, he was felled with a stick of wood. Thereupon, Mr. Spangenberg rushed out to the assistance of his friend and neighbor, only to be knocked down and foully murdered. Mr. Bickel's daughter, a young woman, tried to evade the devilish assassins, but was overtaken and killed. Lastly, the innocent little tot of three years met the fate of the others. The fifth and last of this household, a boy of twelve, saved his life by jumping through a window and running to the house of his neighbor, Mr. Zoeller. After investigation, it de-

velopes that no white men participated in the butchery. Circumstantial evidence indicates that the assassins were a gang of Mexican horse thieves, who are making our border unsafe. Having murdered the family, they stole fifty-five dollars in currency from a table drawer. It was all the money Bickel had on hand.

(Later report)—From Boerne comes the news that the murderers of the Bickel family have been captured.

Subsequent information is that six Mexicans were found hanging to a tree on the Cibola. They were not the murderers of the Bickel family, but were connected with the band of thieves and cut throats that is harrasing the upper country. They have been staying around Boerne without any visible means of support, and never working. So, the supposition was that they were the prime factors in the daily occurrence of horse stealing. The supposition of their guilt became a reality in the minds of the people when the loafing vagabonds were caught making arrowheads. These had been used by them occasionally to kill cattle, with the object of giving the impression that Indians had been around.—"Freie Presse fuer Texas," Sept. 5, 1868.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

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Paul Morgan, of Wichita Falls, sends us an interesting sketch given by Henry Bruemmer, a pioneer settler of Blanco county, which appears in this issue of Frontier Times.

Captain A. M. Gildea, former ranger and Indian fighter, writes us that he is now sojourning at Pearce, Arizona, where he wants to receive Frontier Times. Captain Gildea has hundreds of friends all over West Texas.

Our good friend, Major W. M. Green of Meridian, Texas, sends us a very interesting little pamphlet detailing the the experiences of Ole T. Nystel, who was at one time a captive of the Comanche Indians. Mr. Nystel is still living in Bosque county. We will publish a portion of his interesting narrative in the May number of Frontier Times.

With the close of the second volume of Frontier Times in September we expect to make several changes in the appearance of this little magazine. We will bring it out in different form, larger pages and on high grade book paper. Our subscription list is growing fast, and nearly all of the old subscribers are renewing as fast as their subscriptions expire. We want to reach ten thousand by the close of our third year. You can help us reach the goal by urging your friends to subscribe.

Leonard Passmore, of Voca, Texas, sends us six new subscribers to Frontier Times. Mr. Passmore is a writer of frontier history, and sends us an interesting sketch detailing a fight with a Mexican lynx.

Our friend, Capt. John O. Allen, of Cookeville, Texas, sends in an interesting sketch of his frontier experience, which is published in this number of Frontier Times. Captain Allen is Chaplain of the Texas Ex-Rangers' Association.

The editor of Frontier Times is receiving many complimentary letters and words of encouragement from old frontiersmen and early settlers of Texas. We greatly appreciate the kind words offered. We want each old timer to feel that Frontier Times is his or her own magazine, and write freely. Sometimes we may be delayed in answering your letter, because of trying to handle the mechanical work of the magazine, but we will get around to you bye and bye. Send in your sketches, giving your experience on the frontier.

We are in receipt of Dot Babb's interesting book, "In the Bosom of the Comanches," which tells of Mr. Babb's captivity and experience among the Indians. It is full of thrills, and we are pleased to place it in our library. Mr. Babb, who now lives at Amarillo, has given us permission to use a portion of this book in Frontier Times, and we shall do so in a future issue.

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Frontier Times is in position to make the following clubbing offers:

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